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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	717
STORM SIGNALS AT UNESCO	719
CHALLENGE TO BRITAIN. By John Freeman	720
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	721
ECLAIRCISSEMENT. By Sagittarius	722
THIS ENGLAND	722
THE ITALIAN ELECTIONS. By R. H. S. Crossman	722
QUEEN'S BANE AND KING'S EVIL. By Aylmer Vallance	723
RELUCTANT RHEE. By J. S. Jenkins	724
RESISTANCE IN SOUTH AFRICA. By Basil Davidson	724
AIR-BORNE. By Walter Allen	726
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: Gloriana, Cheltenham, Glyndebourne. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	729
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.*	Page
William Scott. By Patrick Heron	730
Watch and Listen. By Hugh Massingham	731
Mrs. Dale Sees It Through. By T. C. Worsley	732
The Movies. By William Whitebait	732
CORRESPONDENCE	733
From John Strachey, M.P.; A. J. P. Taylor; C. J. Brown Douglas; J. W. Robertson Scott; P. D. Turner; Geoffrey E. Howard; Margaret Higginson; Rom Landau; H. C. Stacey.	
WOOSTER'S PROGRESS. By A. P. Ryan	737
SIX POEMS	738
SUMMER BOOKS SUPPLEMENT	Page 739
Reviews by Arthur Marshall; Alan Ross; Ralph Partridge; Margaret Lane; T. R. Henn; Derwent May.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	749
REVIEWS:	
China. By William Empson	750
Zola Revisited. By Geoffrey Brereton	750
No Orchids. By A. D. Harris	752
What They Saw in Maisie. By G. W. Stonier	752
The Right to Adventure. By E. Monroe	753
New Novels. By J. D. Scott	753
Holiday Reading	754
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	754
CHESS. By Assiac	754
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	754

The Little Less and How Far Away?

NEITHER revivalist's bible nor speaker's handbook, too pedestrian for a crusade, too imprecise for an election platform, the Labour Party's statement of home policy has at least one signal merit. Though it includes some "popular" promises—cheap loans for house-purchase, basic foodstuffs brought by subsidy "within the reach of all," free drugs and (rightly) free dental treatment, and the upward revision of benefits and pensions to keep pace with any rise in living costs—these are subsidiary to the central theme. This is the uncompromising assertion that Britain's position is highly precarious and that, unless the "harsh facts," which Tory *laissez faire* conceptions ignore, are boldly faced, catastrophe may occur.

This is not a popular thing to say; and it would be as absurd to call this a demagogic document as to claim, with the *Daily Express*, that it represents a triumph for the Bevanites. Its emphasis on the paramount need for greater production of real wealth if social services are to be maintained, and its call for "sacrifices not only of material benefits but of many cherished habits and traditions," proceed logically from a realistic analysis of the situation. The question is whether the authors of the statement have thought out the practical implications of their logic, or are prepared to act accordingly.

On a later page, Mr. John Freeman, M.P., expresses some of the doubts and misgivings which a first perusal of the statement raises in his mind, and which many readers are likely to share. In later issues we propose to submit to more detailed examination several of the statement's key chapters—those dealing, for instance, with capital investment, colonial development, agriculture and education. Here we would merely record our general impression that the document's positive proposals fail to measure up to the challenge which its initial premiss implies. When it comes to action, realism is clouded by compromise.

The shortcomings are not so much that the "next steps" towards Socialism tend to be a proliferation of committees and commissions to investigate, "promote" and "develop"; that the promises of further extensions of public control in pursuance of the "keys of power" are hedged with many ambivalent qualifications; or that the programme outlined of industrial and agricultural expansion is incompatible with continuance (as is implied) of bi-partisan Defence expenditure. The trouble is rather that the National Executive obviously feels itself still too close to Labour's period of Ministerial responsibility to follow honestly, to its real conclusions, the brave assertion that the "whole emphasis" of Britain's policies and efforts must be changed.

We are to seek greater independence of dollar aid—an ambition which Mr. Butler doubtless shares. But are we to break free from the political shackles of American tutelage and seek, for instance, trade relations with areas now banned by Washington for strategic reasons? The reply—a masterpiece of evasion—is that we must "expand East-West trade within the limits imposed by the Cold War." Throughout, the statement suffers from the same sort of assumption, that "the limits"—be it of interference with the existing social and economic structure, or of championing the claims of worker against capitalist, Native against White colonialist—which Mr. Attlee's Government observed are sacrosanct.

The statement, be it said, is a draft. If the next Party Conference finds, as it well may, that the spirit of the resolutions passed at Morecambe has evaporated sadly in the drafting, there will be full opportunity for "strengthening" amendments. In the general approach of *Challenge to Britain* to the problems which will face the next Labour Government there is much that is sound and sensible; and dragging feet can be spurred on. It only needs a little more courage, a little more realism in promised action to make this a good statement of Party policy. But that little more is much.

The Berlin Riots

The riots in East Berlin illustrate the difficulties of thawing the Cold War. Undoubtedly, the loosening of Soviet control gave encouragement to many Germans who hate the Russians and have been chafing under an Occupation which has meant severe factory discipline, low living standards and loss of liberty. On the other hand, Western assertions that the riots were spontaneous must be read in the context of public knowledge that millions of dollars have been spent on agents and radio propaganda designed to produce exactly this effect.

Before this "incident," the Russians had made a series of appeasing gestures. In Austria, the Soviet Union has not yet gone beyond what might be described as a generally more conciliatory attitude, illustrated by the appointment of an Ambassador to Vienna, as well as the relaxation of zonal frontier restrictions. Yugoslavia has been offered a Soviet Ambassador, instead of a *Chargé d'Affaires*, and has accepted. To Turkey, in a *démarche* to the Ambassador in Moscow, Mr. Molotov is reported to have given assurances that no trouble need be expected from the U.S.S.R. in the matter of the "lost provinces" or claims to "special privileges" in the Bosphorus. These are suggestive diplomatic straws in the wind; but developments in Eastern Germany have been still more significant.

First, a concordat is announced between Herr Grotewohl's Government and the Evangelical Churches: Church Youth Groups and Bible classes are now to be guaranteed against persecution, and steps are to be taken to introduce much greater liberalisation of schooling generally. Next, the Socialist Unity Party has made a number of sensational recommendations for changes in the policy of the regime. Ration cards withdrawn from "recalcitrants" are to be restored; there is to be no further collectivisation of farming, and farmers who fail to deliver their prescribed quotas are not in future to be punished by ejection; more liberty is to be granted to private manufacturing enterprises; inter-zonal passes, in and out, are to be granted freely; refugees may return with impunity and reclaim confiscated property; and there is to be an amnesty for "political" offenders serving sentences up to a maximum of three years.

How far these concessions will survive the riots remains to be seen. Why was such a switch of policy initiated?

Reactions at Bonn

It is arguable that Herr Grotewohl and his colleagues may have been worried by the damage done to East German agriculture by the flight of thousands of farmers, and that, in the interests of raised consumption standards, it had become necessary to back-pedal in the wholesale nationalisation of industry. But the general reversal of Communist "pressure policy" seems far too sweeping to be explained in these terms. The "switch" has obviously been dictated by Moscow, and—in combination with the indications from Austria and Turkey—it suggests that the Soviet intention, with an eye to Bermuda, is to prepare the way for a new bid for German unity on a basis acceptable to Russia.

Dr. Adenauer has lost no time in making it clear that he regards the new "peace offensive" as aimed, with hostile intent, both at his own position and at the security of the West. Expressing the view (which Mr. John Foster Dulles seems to share) that Moscow is pursuing a Machiavellian policy designed solely to obstruct the birth of the European Defence Community, he is obviously alarmed lest he be put in a position of seeming to obstruct the re-unification of his country, and that this may cost his Party dear in the autumn elections. Accordingly, he took steps to secure from the Bundestag a vote approving a statement of policy in which he demanded free and democratic all-German elections, an all-German Government, the conclusion of a peace treaty between the re-united Germany and the Allies, the settlement in this treaty of all frontier questions, and freedom for the all-German Government "*to enter into any arrangements with other nations which are consonant with the aims of the U.N.*" It is this last proviso, even more than probable controversy over the nature of "free and democratic" elections, which forms the stumbling block. There is no sign yet that the Russians are prepared to waive their demand that a re-united Germany must be "neutral" in the sense of renouncing an alliance with any of the participants in the Second World War.

The Truce in Jeopardy?

Syngman Rhee's order for the release of "anti-Communist" North Korean prisoners is an irresponsible and desperate attempt to wreck the truce negotiations—an action (as a Correspondent shows in an article on a later page) characteristic of the man. Meanwhile the Panmunjon truce delegations have adjourned *sine die*, presumably while Staff Officers complete the formalisation on the armistice map of the line of demarcation between the two armies. Never an easy task, the drawing up of the cease-fire line in this case has been greatly complicated by the last-minute Chinese offensive on the East-Central front. At its onset last week, it seemed possible to believe that the object of this assault was principally propagandist—to remind Syngman Rhee that he might be ill-advised to challenge a world at arms without U.S. support. But it is now clear that a sizeable offensive has been mounted—the biggest, according to some American sources, for two years—and that its object is not only propaganda and prestige, but the capture of territory. The Chinese, no doubt, reckon that the advantage of securing on their side of the cease-fire line some of the high ground, at present held by the South Koreans, is worth some casualties and some risk of a counter-offensive. This line of argument does not take account of the danger that, every day the truce is delayed, more scope is given for sabotage by Syngman Rhee.

The King of Cambodia

The French should not be surprised that the young King of Cambodia, Norodom Sihanouk, has once again taken affairs into his own hands. He has on several occasions shown dissatisfaction with French colonial patronage. He wants to be a benevolent monarch. A year ago, when he dismissed his Cabinet, he formed a new administration headed by himself and asked for full powers for three years, at the end of which he would submit himself to "people's courts"—which might include foreign observers. Events have overtaken him; he is now clearly concerned that in the absence of any genuine effort by the French to agree to Cambodian independence, he can invoke international assistance from the Siamese capital. But the decisive factor, as the recent campaign in Laos has shown, is the strength of the Issarak movement among King Norodom's own subjects. Since the end of the war the Issaraks (now linked with the Vietminh and the Laos resistance movement) have fought continuous guerilla warfare, preventing any normal communications between Saigon and the King's capital. Some of the fiercest fighting has taken place in the villages around Pnom-Penh. The King decided to leave his country after a tour which showed increasing strength of this popular movement, now largely under Communist control. By making himself an exile he may hope to create international interest in his campaign against French colonialism, but the real issue of independence will still be decided by the people.

Indonesian Impasse

A Correspondent writes: Three weeks after the resignation of the Wilopo Government in Indonesia, there are still no signs of a new one to take its place. There is still frustration, stalemate and delay in Djakarta; essential social and economic problems remain unsolved; and long-distance planning in such vitally important fields as communications and the transfer of population from over-crowded Java becomes impossible.

The Wilopo Government—the fourth since the transfer of sovereignty in December, 1949—was an uneasy alliance of the Masjumi (Moslem Party, and the largest in a country which is about 90 per cent. Moslem) and the P.N.I. (Nationalist Party). Smaller Parties, such as the P.S.I. (Socialist) and the Parkindo (Christian) were represented by some of the ablest members in the Government, but the real struggle for power lay between the Masjumi and the P.N.I. Both Parties have their "Right Wing" and their "Left Wing", and the future political framework of the country will depend on the satellites each one can attract round it. Political ambitions and personalities are likely to play at least as large a part as ideologies or programmes. And, since the disaffection of three out of seven Divisions of the Indonesian Army last October—the "October 17th affair" as it is now called—the Army itself has become involved in political controversy.

In the months of political crises leading to Wilopo's resignation, the more progressive section of the Masjumi has moved nearer to the Socialists; apart from the religious question, for the Socialists are Marxists, Masjumi and Socialist Ministers have worked well together. The P.N.I. (Nationalists) have acquired some importance by the implicit support of the President, who is by no means above politics, and in some cases of the Communists (P.K.I.). The latter, who are trying to gain political influence—at the moment their strength is in the trade unions—see that their most effective appeal is that of nationalism. Last May Day in Djakarta there were no portraits of Stalin or Lenin, or even Mao Tsé-tung.

Mohamad Natsir, speaking for the Masjumi, of which he is the Chairman, urges an all-party Cabinet headed by Vice-President Hatta, a non-party man. Subadio Sastrosatomo, leader of the Socialist Party in Parliament, supports the idea but suggests a Parliamentary Non-Party "Experts" Cabinet. The P.N.I. favours a non-

party Cabinet but not necessarily formed by Hatta. The Communist spokesmen hope that the new Cabinet will not include Masjumi and Socialist leaders, whom they describe as "compradores on behalf of foreign interests." And the Army? President Sukarno succeeded in the "October 17th affair" in getting rid of some of the ablest Army men, including, in due course, his Minister of Defence. Two things were against them; they were known to have pro-Socialist leanings and they wanted to build up an efficient, small army on modern lines which would have involved dismissing many young ex-guerillas. President Sukarno, who favours a large "People's Army," supported young army officers who organised military coups in East Java, Sumatra and Celebes. By so doing he sowed seeds of disruption, of which the present crisis is a symptom; whilst he himself is certainly no Communist, he played their game by undermining the Socialists who were in the Government.

WASHINGTON

Against the Book-Burners

A Correspondent writes: There is a sharp contrast between Mr. Dulles' complacency about "book-burning" and the President's sharp defence of the "liberty to read." The Secretary of State, rather in the spirit of the housemaid with the illegitimate baby, pleaded this week that the offence is only a small one, and seemed to be unaware of the unpleasant impression that is being created by the hunt for tainted literature. Mr. Eisenhower, however, told the Dartmouth College students that "our people's thinking" cannot be suppressed. In a classic phrase, he declared that

> . . . even if they think ideas that are contrary to ours they have a right to have them, a right to record them, and a right to have the books in places where they are accessible to others.

The President seemed to be referring more to private than public libraries, for the Administration has not taken any steps so far to stop the purge in overseas libraries controlled by the State Department, where books that do not "positively further American policies" are still being removed. And when Dr. Conant, formerly President of Harvard and now High Commissioner in Germany, testified before Senator McCarthy this week, he coupled his defence of "free access" in universities with a declaration that he favoured the removal of books by Communist authors from official libraries.

Yet the President's statement undoubtedly reflects the present reaction against the excesses of McCarthyism, just as Professor Einstein's courageous support of "intellectuals" who refuse to testify before "inquisitorial" committees will undoubtedly stiffen the growing resistance of the universities to the witch-hunt. One notable example of this is the decision of Harvard that former membership of the Communist Party or a refusal to testify will not be regarded as *prima facie* cause for dismissal. Harvard, however, has not gone so far as to regard present Communist membership as compatible with teaching status, nor has it settled the much larger question of how far Communist doctrines may be openly studied as part of its university syllabus.

There are signs that President Eisenhower is becoming seriously disturbed at last by the grip that the heresy-hunters now have on U.S. opinion, and that his speech at Dartmouth is a tentative effort to regain the initiative, just as he is making a similar attempt in his relations with Congress in other fields. But he has given away so much in his first months of office that he has created immense difficulties for himself.

Storm Signals at Unesco

For several months, the State Department has been putting heavy pressure on Unesco to accept the whole apparatus of loyalty clearance and its consequent witch-hunts. Though the primary objective, as in the case of the U.N. as a whole, is to get rid of American citizens whom the F.B.I. or Congressional inquisitors may dislike, the larger aim has been to intimidate, tame and purge the entire body of international civil servants. With good reason, this has provoked stiff opposition from the Executive Board of Unesco, and from the Staff Association.

The Americans, for some time, have been conducting their own loyalty investigations; the other day the Permanent Representative of the U.S. Delegation circulated a "progress report" to every American in the Unesco building. This document contained a clear threat that, unless the "loyalty situation" at Unesco was clarified, Congress would not vote the next appropriation, which amounts to one-third of the Organisation's budget. It also claimed, inaccurately, that Unesco was the only U.N. agency which still contained Americans who had not returned the loyalty questionnaires issued after President Truman's Order last January. There are, in fact, three Americans in Unesco who have not returned the form in question, but there are Americans in other U.N. agencies who have taken a similar stand, basing their refusal on the ground that the Truman Order, founded on the doubtful rulings of Mr. Trygve Lie's three jurists, could not apply to international civil servants. The objectors, indeed, may have the law on their side. The newly organised Federation of International Civil Servants' Associations has already briefed the eminent Belgian jurist, Senator Rolin, to prepare a case against the validity of Mr. Lie's dismissals.

This week, however, the conflict reached a new stage. The U.S. has been urging Unesco to amend the forms which all applicants for employment must complete, so that these forms would correspond to the supplementary loyalty questionnaires already being circulated to Americans who hold Unesco posts or apply for them. The Executive Board of Unesco, it is announced, refuses to make this change, though it proposes to continue the "interim arrangement" whereby it acts as a "post-office" for the delivery of the loyalty questionnaires to its American employees — leaving it to the individuals concerned to decide whether to complete and return them.

The member States, in fact, almost unanimously opposed the American attempt to turn the application form into a "loyalty" check. A typical reply was that received from the New Zealand Government, which stated that it . . .

> . . . supports the . . . decision that Unesco should not endorse any questionnaire which is not its own. Moreover, it would prefer that the Organisation should not undertake the distribution of such questionnaires. . . . The correct procedure would be to remind applicants from the State concerned that certain purely national requirements have been established by their government and to advise them to apply for information to the nearest agency of that government.

Secondly, the Executive Board has supported the view of the Acting Director-General, Mr. Taylor, who insisted that under existing staff regulations he could not dismiss any Unesco employee for *potential* misbehaviour, as the State Department had officially demanded in a letter sent on February 20, which proposed that

> . . . after the results of the investigative process are made available to him, the Director-General shall not employ, or continue to employ, any United States citizens who are demonstrated to be, or are likely to be, engaged in subversive activities against the Government of the United States.

The third decision of the Executive Board this week sharpens this issue from the general to the particular. In announcing that Unesco is to join the I.L.O. Administrative Tribunal, it has made it possible for any dismissed or aggrieved employee to go beyond the Unesco Appeals Board to a higher authority. The first person who may be able to take advantage of this decision is Mr. David Leff, an American citizen who is at present indefinitely suspended on pay.

Two years ago, for no stated reason, Mr. Leff's passport was withdrawn. When, again for no given reason, he was summoned to appear as a "witness" before a Federal Grand Jury, he refused to go to New York, and asked unsuccessfully that he be permitted to give whatever testimony was required at the U.S. Embassy. His refusal to leave Paris was due to his fear that if he went back to the U.S., lacking a passport, he would be unable to return to Paris, where his wife and children live and where he is employed. In this he was strongly supported by the Staff Association, which passed a resolution unanimously condemning Mr. Leff's suspension by the Director-General —a step taken at the instance of the State Department after Mr. Leff had declined to go to New York and testify. This is a particularly dangerous case, since no charge has been brought against Mr. Leff, and since it appears that the State Department is trying to use a new means of getting rid of Americans whom it cannot get dismissed by an international agency. If Mr. Leff were forced to return to the U.S.—his "offence" seems to be that he served in the Unrra mission to Yugoslavia—he could be prevented from returning to Paris and his employment would automatically lapse.

But such devices will no longer be needed if the new McCarran Bill, which has already passed the Senate, should become law. For this Bill provides that any American who accepts a U.N. post, or continues to hold one, without having received a "loyalty clearance" will be liable to five years' imprisonment, a fine of $10,000, or both. It is not only Unesco that is the target of this offensive. Senator McCarthy and his allies, having succeeded in purging and paralysing the State Department, now want to castrate the United Nations Administration and make it the kept eunuch of Republican foreign policy. If they cannot succeed, they are ready to murder what they cannot control. The events in Unesco are at once a warning and a challenge to defend free international agencies.

Challenge to Britain

THE whole world has been privy to the groaning and grumbling of the mountain in labour. What now of the child? Is it straight and lusty, or twisted and feeble? I set out to judge *Challenge to Britain* with four questions uppermost in mind. Inasmuch as it purports to be a programme of action, is it based on a realistic analysis, and do its recommendations match the challenge it presents? Inasmuch as it is a statement of political faith, does it affirm the need to hasten the disintegration of capitalist society, challenge the inviolability of private property and build in their place the institutions of Socialism, based on public ownership? Inasmuch as it represents a compromise between the "bureaucratic" Right and the "demagogic" Left, does it suggest a will to action which goes beyond the negative acceptance of verbal formulæ? Inasmuch as it is a propaganda document, will it do its job of appealing to the public?

The answer to this last question is, once again, "No." *Challenge to Britain* is so unimaginatively presented, so mushily written, so turgid in the lecturing tone of some of its economic passages, that many readers will become bogged down and impatient long before the end. It seems a pity that, with all the literary resources at its disposal, the Labour Party has so consistently failed, ever since *Let Us Face the Future*, to produce a readable policy statement. In this case it is doubly a pity because, in one respect at least, *Challenge to Britain* conceals within its verbiage more realism than any recent Party manifesto, Tory or Labour.

For it bases its propositions on an unusually frank analysis of Britain's problems. There can be no return to "normality": "Socialism has become a necessity if we are to achieve the security and decent living standards we desire . . . we must push up the exports which earn us dollars or gold . . . we must restrain imports . . . forgo luxuries . . . tighten our currency controls." It is recognised that the Sterling Area, properly organised, can, if Britain provides sufficient capital, play a decisive part in expanding the existing output of dollar-earning and dollar-saving materials: "the movement of capital from Britain to the rest of the Sterling Area must be made to fit in with the plan for increasing the welfare and productive resources of the Sterling Area . . . we must seek a Sterling Area agreement about restricting the movement of capital within the area . . . encourage primary producers to expand their production boldly through the offer of long-term guarantees." In a word—

To grapple with these problems we must

1. Invest large sums of capital in developing food and raw material resources both at home and in the Commonwealth at maximum speed and so help to balance world production.
2. Increase the efficiency of our production, drive up productivity, keep our prices down and so improve our competitive position in the world.
3. Select those of our industries which have big export prospects—above all engineering and chemicals—expand their productive capacity at the greatest possible speed and ensure that supplies of coal and steel are sufficient. . . .

That, as a statement of economic objectives, is good as far as it goes. As an analysis it is challenging, certainly not lacking in courage and realism, but for two significant errors of emphasis which gravely impair it. "The maintenance of large military forces and stores at home and abroad is a heavy burden on our economy," says the paragraph on the Cold War. But nowhere is the truth stated in blunt terms that, unless the burden of the Cold War can be drastically lightened, the economic goals so bravely set out are the merest illusion. Nowhere is Labour pledged to set as its main policy task the winning of political independence from the U.S. Yet if the economic objectives are to be taken seriously, that is what they amount to. Why not then say so? Is this perhaps the first example of a compromise on words which conceals a deadlock of wills?

Then again, it is stated correctly that the foundation of our economic policy must be the investment of capital goods in primary producing areas. So said the 19th-century imperialists—and they, too, were right in economic terms. But, though Britain is almost as dependent today as in Queen Victoria's reign on imported raw materials, the political situation has changed. Economic imperialism is politically impracticable. Successful Socialist investment must be judged by the degree to which it is directed to assisting the backward peoples to achieve their own independence and development; and though, by accepting this direction of policy, we shall thus turn the terms of trade still further against us as secondary producers, there is no other way in which Britain can in the long run survive in freedom. *Challenge to Britain*, in its eagerness to state the economic case, is insufficiently frank about the more inconvenient political realities that follow from it. How are we to ensure that we achieve Socialist investment and not economic exploitation? Here, too, I detect a flaw in the compromise. The Labour Party of Acland, Hale and Brockway, for instance, is also the Party of those who backed the imposition of Central African federation, and who robbed Seretse of his birthright. Is any compromise, other than a denial of action, possible on these central issues of racial exploitation and imperialism?

In spite of voicing these substantial preliminary misgivings, I still salute the courage and cogency of much of the analysis on which *Challenge to Britain* is based. The heresies of Professor Cole and the Bevanites are now, it seems, embodied in the corpus of Labour doctrine. But this analysis occupies only five out of thirty pages. The rest of the document is devoted to the exposition of how the Party intends to meet its own challenge. Here one must look for a formulation of policy demonstrably effective and specifically Socialist; and here my misgivings greatly increase. For one cannot judge this document entirely without reference to the strife in which it was conceived. This policy-statement is a compromise, and it is impossible to measure with objectivity its adequacy for its purpose without knowing a lot more than we know yet.

In many ways the Left may be surprised and delighted to see how much its champions seem to have been able to force through a largely hostile Executive. I hope, for instance, that the clear promise to abolish all the Health Service charges "as soon as Parliamentary opportunity permits" really does mark the end of the attack on the free Health Service which disgraced the 1951 Budget. The intention to re-nationalise steel and transport is affirmed without equivocation; and I hope that, coupled with the decision to impose "a substantial degree of public ownership in the chemical industry," this symbolises the end of the unheroic period in which Labour has shrunk from public ownership and has seemed to prefer the negative controls of a managerial, privately owned economy. I hope so; but I am not sure. The document does affirm at one point that the aim of Socialism is to transfer the keys of economic power from private to public hands. But, in spite of a number of references to the possibility of public ownership, there are too many fluffy and ambivalent passages for the reader to feel certain how far a new Labour Government is committed to anything particular.

Take, for instance, the issue of land nationalisation. One may accept the wide-spread reports that, during the production of *Challenge to Britain*, there was fierce controversy between the Bevanites (who argued that the huge increases in agricultural investment and food production could never be achieved at reasonable cost without a new deal on the farms, including the nationalisation of rented agricultural land) and the majority, who accepted the conventional view that the target—a one-third increase in output within five years—could be achieved within the existing pattern of farming and agricultural policy. The form of words which appears in the document—"a Labour Government will use more vigorously existing powers—and where required extended powers—to take farm land into public ownership wherever this is necessary to ensure its full use and maximum output"—succeeds only in obscuring the decision. I cannot help feeling that those who drafted this passage hoped that it would lull the Left of the Party into thinking that some form of land nationalisation was contemplated: I am certain that if the implementation of policy is left in the hands of the majority of the present leadership it will prove to mean nothing of the sort.

This particular passage is a fair example of a kind of double-talk which occurs too frequently in *Challenge to Britain*. The greater part of the key chapter headed "Programme for Expansion at Home" is too flabby and equivocal for the reader to know whether or not it amounts to a policy effective for achieving the objectives enumerated above. Labour is going to "review" this and "consider" that (even a capital gains tax is only to be "considered"). "Where necessary" (and where will that be?) "particular sections of the engineering industry" will be taken into public ownership; while the heavy electrical industry is going to have steps taken (after review, of course) "to ensure that it is fully at the nation's service." To believe that all this amounts to a plan of action which measures up to the challenge of the analysis on which it is based requires a considerable act of faith. That indeed is true of the document as a whole. Credit is due to those who have struggled to achieve a form of words which would permit the implementation of a coherent Socialist policy. But to pretend that they have succeeded in binding their colleagues, requires an optimism and a faith in the Socialist purpose of both Party and trade union leaders which I do not feel.

There are, of course, solid achievements. The section, for instance, on education outlines a sensible and reasonably precise ten-year plan for improving the quality of State education and beginning the all-important task of ending the socially bad segregation of the private schools. But faith about the future would perhaps come more easily if there were any indication in the document that its authors conceived their purpose as being the fundamental change of society, or even a vigorous assault on accumulated private capital. The word Socialism is used from time to time, but never to proclaim the Party's belief in basic social change. I guess that most of the compromises which have been made are in words only, and conceal deadlock; that the reality will depend on the Party's leadership when the time comes to implement the policy. The only comfort I can derive from that is the knowledge that in the last resort the voting power in our movement lies with the rank-and-file. I hope that, at both the annual Congress of the T.U.C. and the Labour Party Conference, they will reflect on

the lessons to be learned from this tantalising document, so unsatisfactory and yet so nearly good. The principal lesson is, surely, that this is about the best the Party can expect to do while its Executive deliberations are a continuing struggle between Right and Left, and its decisions little more than the regular interruption of the struggle by the majority vote of the Right.

JOHN FREEMAN

London Diary

THE Commonwealth Premiers seem to have got on very well together and reached a remarkable measure of agreement, particularly about the Far East. After the Conference, the Canadian Premier went almost as far as Mr. Nehru himself in demanding recognition of the facts of Asian nationalism. Mr. Menzies seems to be cautiously preparing himself to welcome Peking to the U.N., though I doubt if he has yet brought himself to the point of admitting that to support sane Americans necessarily involves risking the wrath of others in powerful positions. Mr. Holland, of New Zealand, is unlikely to differ from Mr. Menzies on this subject; throughout the Coronation he was in such a state of loyal ecstasy that nothing very useful was likely to emerge from him. The new Pakistan Premier, Mr. Mohamed Ali, is an interesting figure. In conversation I found him the greatest possible contrast with former Pakistan Premiers. He is as warm and friendly a personality as Mr. Jinnah was icebound. Unlike Liaquat Ali Khan, an astute, suspicious and experienced politician, Mohamed Ali gives the impression of bringing youthful courage and a fresh mind to ancient tangles. The climate in India and Pakistan is more favourable for agreement than it has ever been before. It was by no means clear that the two Premiers will reach agreement over the problems of Kashmir, the waterways and the refugees, but it is hopeful that they desire agreement and they will be left alone to find one without United Nations assistance. Nehru's ascendancy is so great in India that he should be able to silence his own extremists, whilst Mohamed Ali has come out in a most forthright fashion against all attempts to set up a theocracy or to allow the Mullahs to have a veto in the new Constitution.

* * *

The contrast between the two countries emerges, I thought, in an interesting way from the difference in their schools of dancing. We have seen a lot of superb Indian dancing based on the Ramayana tradition and legends; it is subtle and indirect; fluid, not violent. In contrast, the Pakistan Ballet, which is now to be seen at the Scala Theatre, is imbued with much patriotic and uninhibited vitality. The presentation of the "man-made famine" in Bengal in 1943 is a direct piece of political realism—which does not prevent it being brilliantly executed and genuinely moving.

* * *

The case against the execution of the Rosenbergs has always been strong. It rested, as I urged at an earlier stage in the campaign for their reprieves, not on the assumption of their innocence, but on the fact that no American has before in U.S. history been executed for espionage; that the penalty is particularly savage when it is an allied country for which the spying was done and that it is shocking to keep prisoners in suspense for two years and then execute them. That there were reasons for misgiving is proved by the fact that four Supreme Court Justices earlier this week voted for a stay of execution. The application for a reprieve has had an effect in unexpected quarters. I see that Mr. Dillon, the U.S. Ambassador in Paris, has been warning the State Department that failure to extend clemency would have the most serious effect on French opinion. This confirms the report of a friend who has just come back from France, who tells me that many Frenchmen have become convinced that the Rosenbergs were unfairly convicted, and that papers so conservative as *Le Monde* and *Figaro* have been giving a great deal of publicity to the petitions for clemency. Much the same, I believe, is true of Italy, where even the anti-Communist newspaper *Stampa* has been appealing for a reprieve. Such eminent dignitaries as the Cardinals Feltin and Gerlier have appealed for them, and the French Socialists sent an official deputation to the U.S. Embassy. No one is likely to suggest that its spokesman, Jules Moch, is a fellow-traveller—any more than M. Herriot, who made a personal appeal on Tuesday.

* * *

From a friend in Germany I have good news for those who wish to replace an Iron Cross or even a Knight's Cross with Oak-leaves or, indeed, any Hitler medal they may have lost. True enough, the Allied law forbidding the production and the wearing of such medals is still in force; true also that the Adenauer Government has long been toying with the idea of legalising these medals by having them re-issued devoid of any swastika. But they seem to be preferred in their original shape, and the growing demand is now being adequately catered for by a shop in Essen, not a mile from Krupp's. Naturally, the appropriate documentary evidence (" in the name of the Führer and Supreme Commander of the Wehrmacht . . .") must be produced before any medal is sold. I do not know, though, who is entitled to claim the Munich or Memel-Land memorial medals. These two are listed at 3.60 Deutsche Mark each, but you can have them for 2.80, which is less than five bob each, if you order them by the score. An ordinary Iron Cross, 1st or 2nd class (1914 or 1939) is listed at DM 9.60 and 6.00 respectively, or at DM 7.80 and 5.00 if ordered by the score. The Knight's Cross can be had either in a cheap bogus issue at DM 14.50 or with the genuine silver lining at DM 32 (DM 24 by the score). There are also as many as five different *Spanienkreuze* in memory of Franco's little war; they range between DM 15 and 27.50. The most expensive item now available for immediate delivery is the Knight's Cross with Oak-leaves, Swords and Diamonds. It costs DM 3200 (£280), and the first one has just been ordered by a former Luftwaffe General, now comfortably off in the Argentine. Altogether there are 99 different medals available, including various classes of the *Mutterkreuz* which Himmler used to award to women who had obligingly provided anything from six to ten (or more) sons for the Wehrmacht.

* * *

The British have a fine old tradition of producing vernacular broadsheet verses in celebration of great national occasions, especially Royal occasions. One of the most famous of such broadsheets rejoiced in the supposed incarceration of Prince Albert in the Tower; another mourned the death of Edward VII, describing him as "our dear old dad" who had "saved England quite a million." I am glad that this tradition has been maintained. Much the best that I have seen in 1953 comes to me from Tom Driberg, M.P. for Maldon. It is written on behalf of the Maldon fishermen by the Vice President of their Society. I wish I could quote all the eight verses. Here are examples:

> Now Queen Elizabeth has come Back,
> To Save us from a new Attack,
> All Maldon Fishermen sing on their Smack
> Songs to Honour our Lovely Queen! . . .
> They, by Her Majesty, could be seen! . . .
>
> The Claydons, the Pitts, and the Wrights
> Go Fishing all the Days and Nights . . .
> They go in Fog and Frost and Rain . . .
> Some get ill with Serious Pain . . .
> One of the Wrights has been Ill for a Year,
> But our English Fishermen have no Fear!
>
> The Inshore Fishermen of Maldon Borough
> Are earnest, kind and truly thorough . . .
> For their Fishing they are very Keen,
> But they Love much more Our Lovely
> Queen!

The author adds that "this Rhyme was sent to Her Majesty the Queen and a reply came from her Private Secretary saying that it was good and could be used in any way."

* * *

If I pay a twopenny fare on the bus and (unintentionally, believe me) travel a stage past the stop where I should have got off, I have had a threepenny ride, and I therefore owe London Transport another penny. But its conductor will demand another twopence because, having no longer any penny tickets, he now thinks in twopenny units only. When this happened to me, I paid the twopence, but I don't think I need have done so; I only owe a penny, and it's neither my fault nor my concern if the smallest receipt he can give me for it is made out for twopence.

I asked a London Transport conductor the other day whether this kind of thing made people dishonest; he thought it did. And the bigger the bus company, he said, the more people will cheat it. He recently worked as a conductor on a country route where the buses still belonged to a smallish firm. "Everyone knew all the conductors and drivers," he said, "and most of the passengers knew each other, and no one ever thought of cheating. I never came across a single case. But everybody cheats London Transport if they can. You can't trust anyone on these buses." He then told me that both he and his driver live a twenty-mile train journey from their bus depot, and that though the driver travels at workman's fares the conductor is not eligible to do so. He doesn't know why: he sees it as a simple matter of arbitrary classification, completely inexplicable and unjust. So he "fiddles" a workman's fare every day of his life, and his conscience is untroubled. Now this illogical distinction between driver and conductor is not the work of the railway authorities; London Transport makes application to the railways for fare concessions for certain of its employees, and apparently has decided that drivers are "workmen" while conductors are not, though the former get five shillings a week more than the latter. The conductor and I parted good friends and bad citizens.

* * *

It was smaller (and, no doubt, more select) than most Coronation parties. My host was making an important political point with great earnestness. A small, white sealyham wandered into the room and passed by my chair. I gave him an absent-minded little pat. He snapped and I was conscious of a pain in my hand. I pretended not to notice anything, continued the conversation. A minute or two later, my hostess called out "Oh, he's hurt you!" and I saw that blood from my hand was dropping down my nice new Coronation suit onto

her carpet. "Wait a minute," she said, and came back in much less than that with a bandaging outfit. "I always keep it handy," she said, "because you see he bites everyone who touches him."

CRITIC

ECLAIRCISSEMENT

"The U.S. Ambassador, Mrs. Claire Luce, is speechless at the sight of what the ungrateful Italians have done to her protegé, De Gasperi." R. H. S. Crossman, *Sunday Pictorial.*

"The validity of a number of ballot papers (enormous even for Italy) is being contested." *Manchester Guardian.*

What went awry with Italy's Election?
Why did the long-planned rigging fail to click?
Washington questions Embassy direction,
Did Ike's Ambassador help to lose the trick?
This miscalculation
Needs elucidation—
Was Mrs. Luce perhaps impolitic?

Can Claire clarify the failure of a mission?
Why was diplomacy beaten at the poll?
All was arranged to return the Coalition,
How did electors get out of control?
Socialism creeping,
Fascists forward sweeping—
Did her Excellency overplay her role?

Liberal, lucid, to nothing Roman alien,
Only appointed after earnest search,
Not Baptist, Methodist or Episcopalian,
Staunchly Republican, daughter of the Church,
Flower of plutocracy,
Mouthpiece of democracy,
Why then did Italy take a leftward lurch?

Why did Italy sabotage de Gasperi?
Why did so many electors turn their coats?
If Christian Democrats got the royal raspberry,
Who rammed dollar aid down Italian throats?
When the votes were counted,
Spoiled papers mounted—
Why did the Government lose two million votes?

What made Washington's rule of Rome chimerical,
Why is the Embassy's regime in eclipse?
Is opposition in essence anti-Clairical?
Should Ike's Ambassador not have sealed her lips?
How could they ignore a
So beautiful Signora?—
Was this the face that spoiled a million slips?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mr. R. Wade said: "The nudists don't bother me. . . ." And he added sagely: "They are not all absolutely naked, you know. The waitresses, for instance. They wear armbands, so that they can be distinguished." A plumber who is working in an unfinished top flat said: "The nudists? I never lift my head to look at them. I haven't the time—I'm on bonus rates."—*The People.* (Michael Rand.)

I was lying in bed at home when the idea came to me that it would be rather nice to burn the whole school down.—Fifteen-year-old girl's statement to Wolverhampton Juvenile Court.—*Observer.* (W. Ablitt.)

Is a yellow car quite suitable for a vicar on his parish rounds? A yellow, open car called "Daffodil"? He will hate parting with her, but he says in his parish magazine: "It has been put to me that she is, after all, a young man's car." He is 45.—*News Chronicle.* (J. H. M. Brown (Miss).)

Homer, who admitted stealing £440 from the house, said he surrendered himself because of his sense of morality when he saw Arrowsmith running down the street in his underclothes. He was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment.—*News of the World.* (F. H. Napier.)

The Italian Elections

I. NENNI'S CHANCE

"THIS is Pietro Nenni's day of triumph. The future of Italian democracy rests with him." The Demochristian member of De Gasperi's Cabinet who said this to me in Rome, where I spent last Sunday, summed up the prevailing Italian view of an election which has surprised the Left at least as much as it has disconcerted De Gasperi. "We went into the campaign on the defensive," said Morandi, the taciturn ex-partisan who now runs the Nenni machine; "we came out of it on the offensive." And during my talks with Nenni and Togliatti, they each independently admitted their delighted astonishment at the result. Nenni added, with the romantic ardour which makes even De Gasperi feel friendly to him, "We shall not shirk the responsibility fate has thrust upon the Italian Socialist Party. In due course, and granted suitable conditions, we shall be prepared to enter a Government with the Christian Democrats. And were that to bring differences of opinion with Togliatti, well, he and I are old friends and we can face that problem when it comes."

At first glance it is by no means clear why the Nenni-ites should be regarded as the victors and arbiters of power. Compared with last year's local elections, their percentage of the total vote (12.7) is down, whereas the Communists (with 22.7) and the Christian Democrats (with 41) have done better than last time. But statistics do not tell the whole story. This election was contrived with one purpose—to destroy Nenni, or at least to keep him out of office. Actually, its result has been to give him a more commanding position than he could have dreamt of six months ago.

To see how this has happened, one must first get rid of one common illusion about De Gasperi. He is a man not of the Right but of the Centre, a Parliamentarian who is genuinely alarmed at the growing influence which the neo-Fascists and Monarchists are exerting on the Right Wing of his own party. Ever since the municipal elections in the winter of 1951 (which showed the Centre losing heavily to the two extremes), his aim has been to curb these reactionary forces, but without relying on the Nenni Socialists, whom he regards as fellow-travellers. Last summer he decided on his plan of campaign. He would build up an anti-Communist Left—consisting of Saragat's Social Democrats, the Liberals and the Republicans—attach it firmly to his own party, and so create the basis for a stable Centre Government. The trouble was that these three small parties did not enjoy much electoral support. So, against the wishes of his own Right-wingers, he framed the notorious election law. Under this law the Christian Democrats, together with their three anti-Communist protégés, had only to obtain 50 per cent. of the votes in order to get 65 per cent. of the seats. Had the election worked out right, De Gasperi would have had a permanent "democratic" majority in both houses, and been able to dispense with the support both of the Monarchists and of Nenni. And if this defence of democracy involved rigging democracy, well, the French electors had been willing to accept this in order to defeat the Communists.

But Italy is not France. The Italians may not be perfect democrats, but they can recognise a rigged election when they see one. In the battle against the election law, which went on week after week throughout last winter, Nenni took the lead,

and displayed all his superb parliamentary talents. Even before the campaign began, the law was thoroughly discredited, and the three small parties of the anti-Communist Left, whom it was destined to benefit, had also suffered from ominous splits and secessions. When the battle really started, they were in even worse plight, since they were blamed for all the sins of the Right, including the ruthless pressure which the Church and the employers, as usual, exerted. In contrast, Nenni began to emphasise his independence of the Communists and outlined a vague but appealing Socialist Alternative, which won him a lot of support.

The *coup de grâce* was given by Togliatti, who behaved during the election with a cooing moderation, which made the Left look like injured innocents, victims of a nefarious plot cooked up by the Americans inside the Vatican. Tens of thousands of petit-bourgeois voters in the South went Communist because this time the Red Scare did not work, and it was the Right that was tampering with democracy. This tendency was encouraged, of course, by external events, which worked in the opposite direction to the foreign factors operative five years ago. The 1948 elections, in which the four Coalition parties scored 62 per cent., took place a few weeks after the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia; the 1953 elections a few months after Stalin's death; and the campaign was at its height when Sir Winston Churchill launched his peace initiative. Everyone agrees that the Prime Minister made himself acutely embarrassing to De Gasperi and provided some useful ammunition to the Left in their attacks on the Cold War policies of the Demochristians.

The result was a vote of no confidence in the electoral law and the pro-American Coalition it was designed to confirm in power. Although the Christian Democrats improved their position, their three junior partners were virtually annihilated. While the Monarchists picked up the votes of thousands of outraged Liberals, the Social Democrats lost more than 40 per cent. of their supporters to the Nenni-ites and the Communists. And, to round the thing off, De Gasperi missed the 50 per cent., which would have given him two-thirds of the seats in Parliament, by 57,000 votes, or under 1 per cent. As a matter of fact, it was lucky for him that the electoral fractions worked out as they did. As Fanfani, De Gasperi's Minister of Agriculture, put it to me, "To miss by 57,000 is bad. The only thing worse would have been to *win* by 57,000! That would have created an impossible situation."

What this means is that the "anti-Communist Left" has been judged as bogus as the electoral law. Some 3,300,000 voted Monarchist, or neo-Fascist, and 10,000,000 for Nenni and Togliatti. If De Gasperi had left the electoral law alone, his Coalition would probably have had a working majority. As it is, they have just enough to carry on for a few months. As I flew back from Rome on Monday, however, the Coalition was already beginning to break up. Faced with the disastrous results of Saragat's leadership, the Executive of the Social Democrats, after a week-end of heated conferences, performed a political somersault and announced that they now favoured Socialist unity with Nenni! It seems likely, therefore, that De Gasperi will try to manage for the time being with a purely Demochristian Cabinet. But such a Cabinet would at best be tolerated by the Chamber. For stable government, the Christian Democrats must now do precisely what De Gasperi was trying to avoid. They must either co-operate with the Monarchists or with Pietro Nenni.

Which way will the decision go? Everyone I talked to in Milan and Rome had an answer; and

to my surprise, the prevailing opinion was that, while De Gasperi will certainly try to "buy in" some of the Monarchists and so disintegrate this amorphous party, he will, in due course, give Nenni his chance. Of course, it is possible that, under pressure from the Church and the Americans, De Gasperi will be replaced by someone further to the Right. But, as long as he leads the Demochristians and listens to such men as Gronchi, the Speaker of the old Chamber, the tendency will be to meet the wishes of the electorate by moving towards the Left. One encouraging aspect of Italian politics is that the Left Wing of the Demochristians has survived the post-war swing to the Right in Catholic politics much more successfully than their colleagues of the M.R.P. in France. They continue to regard Nenni-ites as the Communists' Trojan horse. But they also realise that the Monarchists are a Trojan horse of Fascism, and believe that Italian democracy is more immediately threatened by the Blackshirts than by a Communist *coup d'état*.

It is because De Gasperi and some of his closest advisers are filled with this lively fear of a relapse into Fascism that Nenni is the man of the hour in Italy today. His opportunity could not be greater; his political position could hardly be more delicate. In order to prepare the way for co-operating with De Gasperi, he must show that the Socialist Party really enjoys the independence of the Communists which it asserted during the election. On the other hand, he must not go the way of Saragat and lose his working-class support by becoming a "front" man for the Demochristians. In any other country such a combination would have no chance of success. But Italian politics is largely shaped by a few very remarkable personalities, and it is just possible that De Gasperi and Nenni—with or without the consent of Togliatti?—will consummate this *mariage de convenance*.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Queen's Bane and King's Evil

WORKADAY enclave in the *ersatz* Highlands of City gentlemen's Sussex, Fernhurst—the field research station of Plant Protection, Ltd.—stages the elements of comedy. In the Victorian-baronial hall of the Anglo-Germanic Schlossvilla which I.C.I. acquired to house the administrative offices of the foster-child company, a guest book lies politely open for the signatures of visitors from every farming county in England, every crop-dependent region of the Commonwealth—even visitors from Lesser Breeds parsimoniously blessed by Point Four. At lunch, presiding over thirty feet of polished mahogany, the Director succeeds in blending to a nicety the manner of Colonel Commandant and lay missionary. ("The salad is all off the farm, gentlemen.") The atmosphere is that of a glorious misalliance between Fabian Summer School and the Quetta of old Staff College days.

Have done with jesting—unseemly return for kind hospitality and the patient answering of many ignorant questions: Fernhurst is to be taken seriously. Here is one side of the great contribution which I.C.I. is making towards the solution of the problem of world food shortage. In a recent issue of this journal (May 30) Mr. Nigel Harvey wrote of the parallel contribution made by the plant-geneticists—the breeding of new strains either giving a higher yield per acre, or resisting more successfully the ills to which plants are heir. But, though immunity from a particular disease may be achieved by breeding, fresh onslaughts of a different kind are apt to occur: Nature defies the geneticist's pitchfork, and complete success has not yet been attained in breeding either a good wine grape, resistant to *Phylloxera* and mildew, or a blight and virus resistant potato. Nor have the methods (attractive because they are relatively inexpensive) of biological control of pests, by introducing predators, attained success over a wide field—though there have been a few signal achievements, such as the destruction of the coconut moth by a Trachinid fly and the employment of toads to combat the white grub in the sugar plantations of Puerto Rico. Hence the farmer and cultivator who feels, when faced with the loss of much of his crop, that he is being asked, like Albert's mother, to feed the "ruddy lions" of the insect, fungus and virus worlds, has got to look largely to the chemist for protection.

It is at Fernhurst that investigation of the utility of insecticides, fungicides and weed-killers is carried out—except, of course, in the case of tropical crops, for which field research has to be done on the spot—to its final stage. Almost *any* new chemical discovered in I.C.I.'s research laboratories at Billingham, Ardeer and elsewhere may be a pesticide; their potentialities in this sphere have to be tested. First, candidate chemicals are sent to specialist laboratories maintained by I.C.I. at Hawthorndale and Jealott's Hill in Berkshire. There they are made up as simple laboratory formulations—dust, solutions or emulsions—and tested against key insects, fungi, bacteria, or weeds. Any chemical which shows promise is then developed, either in Berkshire or at Plant Protection's own laboratories in Kent; and finally it is given field tests at Fernhurst, to make sure that it will work equally well in different soil and climatic conditions, and on different varieties of the revelant crops, and that the cost: benefit ratio is likely to appeal to the farmer as a commercial proposition. For tropical crops the final field research is carried out by Plant Protection emissaries in all quarters of the globe. Since only one in every two thousand chemicals tested proves to be of practical use, the total development cost is enormous. I don't suppose that I.C.I. would claim that their efforts, in sponsoring these research activities, are purely quixotic; but let me record that monopoly capitalism is in this instance sponsoring a project which is of great social benefit and which only the State or huge-scale commercial enterprise could undertake.

This is not, of course, a new form of applied science. As Mr. George Ordish records in his classic book on crop losses and pest control (*Untaken Harvest*: Constable, 1952), the rusts of cereals—to say nothing of plagues of locusts—were known to the Ancients; in the Middle Ages the Arabs conducted active research into insecticides; and, in this country, Jethro Tull was writing in 1743 about blight and smut in wheat, while Gilbert White, in 1789, was concerned with the control of flea beetle. Cold Comfort Farm knew the Queen's Bane and the King's Evil. Across the Channel, in the eighteenth century, Matthieu Tillet of Troyes was carrying out—apparently on quite modern lines—field research into the use of salt and lime to control bunt. But it is within the last hundred years that the greatest progress has been made by the chemist, with the biologist at his side: the development of arsenicals in 1860 for use against the Colorado beetle; the discovery of the properties of copper sulphate (Bordeaux Mixture) in 1884 as a fungicide; and, later, the development of spraying with many kinds of washes and dusts, such as derris. The most spectacular advances, indeed, have been recent—the Swiss formulation of DDT; Britain's great contribution, the gamma isomer of benzene hexachloride (BHC) which, among other uses, can give a complete answer to the locust problem; the organic phosphorus insecticides, such as parathion and TEPP, which are cheaper than DDT and BHC and therefore more useful for "low value per acre" crops; and, finally, the selective hormone weed-killers such as MCPA and 2,4-D.

At Fernhurst, on the day of my visit, a group of Yorkshire farmers were being shown the exhibits. First, the Rogues' Gallery of destructive weeds, each specimen isolated and carefully tended (beyond its normal deserts) in a little patch. Then the plots of cereals treated, or not treated, with MCPA—the "control" plot choked with charlock, the treated plot immaculate. Then the rows of vegetables demonstrating the efficacy of seed treatment against "damping off" and fly; the sprayed orchards; the inviolate tomatoes; the wheat artificially forced to test the efficacy of a chemical designed experimentally to accelerate the final ripening of the ear. In all, a fascinating display, even for the layman.

And the target of the plant protector is immense. Mr. Ordish gives estimates that pests cost British farmers annually the production of nearly two million acres, or the work of over 50,000 men. In the U.S. alone, the annual loss has been computed at a billion dollars, or the yield of 30 million acres; and the world loss, for which no statistics are available, has been put tentatively at a figure equivalent to the whole U.S. crop. In a Paper which he wrote in 1951, Sir John Russell went so far as to say that "the amount of food now destroyed in the field and in storage by pests controllable on present knowledge would amply supply the world's present food deficit."

There are, of course, fields which the chemist has yet to conquer: no practical method has yet been evolved for coping with eel-worm in root crops, or swollen shoot in cocoa, or the ravages of the paddy "blast" fungus in rice. Again, insects and fungi now thought to be checked may develop resistance against a particular chemical. The chemist, too, has always to be on his guard against the danger that his destruction may be inadequately selective—e.g., BHC is toxic to bees, and is capable of "tainting" susceptible crops such as blackcurrants and potatoes—while 2,4-D must be kept away from fruit trees, and there are dangers, not merely to plants but to mammals, in the organic phosphorus compounds. Even more important, however, than the purely scientific snags and limitations, is the economic problem, bound up, as it is, with the need to overcome the conservatism and, in backward countries, the ignorance of cultivators.

It might be thought that the loss of a crop through pests—and we have seen how gigantic the world loss is—would be accepted universally as unmitigated waste. The cultivator, however, has still to be taught that he must not neglect protection, at some admitted cost, in the hope that he will be the lucky grower in a generally bad year, and will get a higher price for his own output in a general crop shortage. Already great progress has been made in this direction; and, in European countries, whereas farmers used to demand, from outlay on protection, a cost: benefit ratio of 1:20, they are now frequently ready to work on a 1:3 ratio. Yet there remains the difficulty that, apart from the cost of the chemicals, the mechanical application calls for considerable capital investment. The recent development of low-volume spraying has, in one sense, greatly reduced the expense of protecting plants above ground; but, even so, the cost of the machines is high for small cultivators—

particularly in under-developed countries. One eminent plant protector, with whom I discussed this problem, spoke hopefully of a new gadget he had seen—a sort of cheap pump made of bamboo. This sounded promising, but the need for more concerted action on international lines, backed by State funds, is obvious and urgent. This is really a case in which "For whom the bell tolls" applies: Britain recognised this when she agreed to contribute to the cost of spraying the Cotentin peninsula against Colorado beetle—not from altruism, but because of the risk that unwanted emigrants might reach the Channel Islands, or even Cornwall. If the world is to make good Sir John Russell's claim, there will have to be a much more extensive application of the Point Four principle in this field.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Reluctant Rhee

SYNGMAN RHEE'S recent efforts to prevent the signing of a cease-fire in Korea bring to mind an incident which occurred shortly after my arrival in Pusan on October 24, 1951. One afternoon, as I sat at my desk in U.N.K.R.A. (United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency), which occupies a large brick building in the centre of Pusan, I was interrupted by the sound of marching feet and shouting in the street outside, followed by the rhythmic chanting of Korean voices. In front of the building was a large crowd of university students and members of the *Taehan* Youth Corps, armed with placards calling for an immediate end to the cease-fire talks and resumption of a full-scale offensive. "On to the Yalu! Down with the armistice talks! Give us arms!" Such were the slogans written on placards and shouted at us by the surging mob of students. The demonstration lasted about half an hour, during which we were presented with leaflets written in English containing their demands.

This was not an isolated incident, but, as we were to learn later, part of a well-organised campaign prepared by the Korean authorities. For three days all U.N. organisations in Pusan were visited by similar student "deputations." Each day they grew in size and fervour, until by the third day they were five hundred strong. On each occasion they were carefully shepherded by the police. The zeal and enthusiasm displayed contrasted sharply both with the low morale of the South Korean troops at the time, and with the temper of the people, whose one hope was (and is) the termination of the war.

To one who has been in Korea, therefore, the recent outbursts of Syngman Rhee and the "popular" demonstrations against the signing of a truce come as no surprise. Indeed, to speak of a peaceful settlement of the war has long been considered treasonable in South Korea; and naturally in the regimented Korean press there is never a word which is not against the cease-fire talks. In an interview published in April, 1952, by the largest newspaper in South Korea, the *Kyonghyong Simmun* (financed by the Roman Catholic Church in Korea), Syngman Rhee declared: "No matter what arguments others may use, we are determined to unify our fatherland with our own hands. *Those elements hindering our national unification must be resolutely purged.*" (My italics.) In view of this, there is little wonder if the people in South Korea are afraid openly to voice support for a cease-fire.

So great have been Rhee's fears of a truce that he even formed a National anti-Truce Committee. Meeting on May 9, 1952, this Committee passed a resolution "to launch a nation-wide campaign against any armistice in Korea"—a move which suggested that many people needed reminding that their salvation depended on the war's continuance. And during the past fortnight Rhee has shown that he is as determined as ever to prevent a peaceful settlement. After fire-eating threats and the staging of anti-truce "riots" in Seoul and Pusan, Rhee is exercising greater verbal discretion—for the moment. But on the basis of experience in South Korea, where I had unique opportunities of observing Rhee and his Government at close quarters, I am of opinion that they will do their utmost to sabotage any agreement. They are unlikely to be moved by the objective realities of the situation; they are too fanatical and too compromised. Rhee, in particular, is an extremely stubborn person; once he has made up his mind to do something, it is almost impossible to change it. To Rhee, unification of Korea has long been an ideal; today its unification by force is an obsession.

The U.S. Army, it may be objected, is the real power in South Korea, and can force Rhee to fall in line. But will the U.S. do this? In his clash last June with the National Assembly, Rhee goaled a large number of Opposition members on trumped-up charges of Communist conspiracy; defied the authority of the U.N. by refusing to comply with its requests; and finally forced the cowed and terrorised Assembly to pass a constitutional amendment ensuring his own re-election and reducing its own powers. The U.S. acquiesced. Will it act differently now?

My experience during that crisis, when I was acting political officer for U.N.K.R.A., showed quite clearly that it was only the support of the U.S. Army which kept Rhee from being deposed. The only people supporting Rhee at the time were the police, the higher ranks of the bureaucracy, a small group of international traders and the *Taehan* Youth Corps. Even the heads of the Korean Army and Navy opposed him. For the first time in several years, the people actually dared to criticise Rhee openly in the streets. But the U.S. Army did nothing to uphold the constitutional rights of the National Assembly, although the U.N. is committed to defend democracy in South Korea. Its only concern, as it made quite clear at the time, was to ensure that the crisis should not endanger the military situation. It tried to justify its position by declaring that the student demonstrations, deputations of farmers, and resolutions from provincial capitals condemning the National Assembly, which all observers knew were engineered, were expressions of popular support for Rhee. The announcement by Rhee that 86 per cent. of the electorate had voted for him, in the rigged elections which were held immediately after the crisis, was seized on by the Americans as evidence that the Korean people were solidly behind Rhee, after all. The "crisis" was over.

Once again, Rhee is using much the same tactics as last year. Once again he is being "besieged" by deputations of students, disabled ex-servicemen, refugees, etc., protesting against "betrayal"; once again Western establishments in Pusan and Seoul are being "attacked" by mobs of "frantic" Koreans demanding that the war continue. But though reports in the press give the impression that the people of South Korea are against a cease-fire, nothing could be farther from the truth. Last year, the usual price paid to a demonstrator was said to be 3,000 *won*, *i.e.*, about one shilling and sixpence.

Rhee will resort, as in the past, to every conceivable trick—hunger strikes, sit-down strikes, and recall campaigns against National Assemblymen who are "not carrying out the will of the people." At one point in the 1952 crisis he even arranged to have himself almost assassinated. This was dramatically and conveniently staged in the presence of most of the foreign officials in Pusan. To-day he is trying also to exploit the anti-Western feeling of the Korean people as support for his anti-truce stand.

What success will Rhee have in arousing the South Korean people generally against a cease-fire? On the basis of my experience I should say very little; the people are too sick of war, and hate Rhee too much. Even the monied classes, who, one would think, would support Rhee's stand more than the peasants and workers, are by no means solidly behind him, and they have spokesmen in the National Assembly who are against continuation of the war. Although first reports from Korea suggested that the Assembly unanimously backed Rhee's anti-truce stand, subsequent reports disprove this. On June 11, for example, one-third of the Assembly voted against the conclusion of a pact with Chiang Kai-shek to start an immediate offensive. There is in fact a sizeable group in the National Assembly which is opposed to continuation of the war. One of these, Oh Ee Yong, Chairman of the former Assembly Liberal Party, and leader of the Opposition last June, declared to me that "salvation for South Korea lay in an end to the present war and a negotiated settlement with North Korea." If these people are given any real Western backing they will, I feel, come out in support of the truce and resolutely oppose Rhee.

J. S. JENKINS

Resistance in South Africa

A TAXI took me down Johannesburg's Commissioner Street as far as End Street. I stopped the driver at the corner, and walked along to where a little group of Indians was idling on the pavement. They stared at me as I stopped outside the office marked *Surgery*. I asked for Dr. Dadoo and gave them my name: they shook their heads and turned away. A wall of suspicion shuts away the non-White man from the White man; and the wall is friezed with the jagged glass of evil things remembered and expected. Then I had a stroke of luck. An Indian in a long white coat, loosely buttoned, came out on the pavement. He had a pipe in one hand and with the other was fiddling in his pockets for matches: he hadn't any matches, and someone in the crowd would go and buy some for him. He gave me a hard, questioning look and suddenly relaxed, for we'd met in this city two years before. This was Yusuf Dadoo, leader of the South African Indian Congress and one of half a dozen non-Whites who have given supremely good leadership to the organisation of passive resistance to racialist laws and regulations in this country.

They are marked men, hemmed round with prohibitions and restrictions so all-invading that the police, in practice, could arrest them at any time they choose. They are watched, followed, spied on, prevented from attending meetings or even gatherings of the most innocently social character, forbidden outside their houses after curfew. I am told that the African National Congress was given an office telephone with quite unprecedented speed, and that its telephone bill is never pressed for payment. Over the twenty principal leaders of the African National Congress and the South African Indian Congress there hangs a suspended sentence of nine months'

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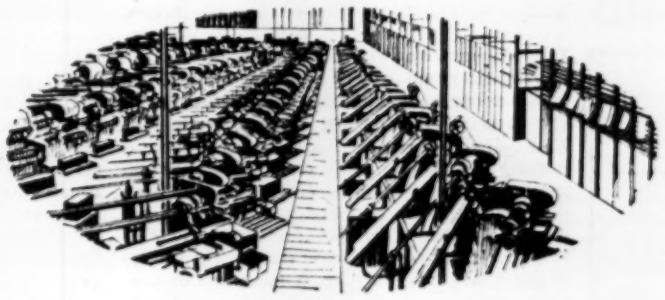

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imprisonment, automatically applicable in the event of a second " offence ".

Their nerves remain good. Few of them show any signs of flinching or regretting the leadership they have given. There seems to be a complete agreement and understanding between the African and Indian leaders; and a growing cohesion with the Coloured leaders from the Cape. This solidarity was reflected throughout the months of passive resistance by the masses of their followers; and the evidence shows that co-operation between Africans and Indians is present in Natal just as it is certainly present in the Cape and the Transvaal. This inter-racial solidarity among the non-Whites is a new thing; and the non-White leaders have firm ground for confidence. In spite of every frantic effort by the Government (in this matter backed unconditionally by the United Party) to frustrate it, non-violent resistance by thousands of non-Whites in the second part of 1952 and the early weeks of 1953 was able to achieve its main objectives—to unify the non-White communities in resistance to racialism, to show that this resistance was possible, and to educate many thousands of non-Whites, and perhaps tens of thousands as it turned out, in ways and means of resistance.

This is clear from the unexpectedly large numbers of volunteers who came forward from the African, Coloured and Indian communities to join small groups who deliberately and pacifically courted arrest by breaking one or other petty rule or regulation. Eight thousand of these volunteers were arrested. I am told that many more were available, but only the most suited were allowed to join the groups, and only those with relatively minor family obligations. But the success of the campaign can also be measured by the failure of the Government to build up separatist non-White organisations.

This failure is not for want of trying. Several of these separatist organisations now exist. Among the Africans there is Bhangu's Bantu National Congress; among the Indians the South African Indian Organisation; and among the Coloureds the so-called Unity Movement. Bhangu is a herbalist from Ladysmith; his Bantu National Congress, openly subsidised by the Government, is thought by reliable observers to count no more than two or three hundred members; and his programme is directed against the African National Congress but more especially against the Indians. He wrote a letter to Pandit Nehru lately—it was published in Johannesburg—offering him £20 millions for the repatriation to India of all South African Indians; but even in Natal, where African feeling against Indians has been intense in the past, he has made no headway. He has earned, if my observations count for anything, only derision and contempt. The South African Indian Organisation, another Government-sponsored separatist body, is an even worse case; and, in spite of Government instructions, none of its handful of members has dared to oppose the resistance campaign. Among the Coloureds, the Unity Movement consists of a group of teachers and other " intellectuals " whose inspiration appears to derive about equally from Trotsky and Malan.

What happens next? The restrictive Proclamation of November and the Criminal Law Amendment Act and Public Safety Act of February have made it impossible to prolong a campaign of non-violent regulation-breaking by individuals and small groups, for the penalties are crushingly high. " The principle of non-violence will remain with us," Dr. Dadoo told me, " but we shall change our tactics." Walter Sisulu, secretary-general of the African National Congress, told me the same thing.

They did not tell me what their new tactics will be; and it may be that they have yet to select them. Now that the Nationalists are back in power—and, according to Dr. Dadoo, the non-White organisations deliberately curbed their campaign for some time before the General Election, from fear of driving Whites into the Nationalist camp—they can afford to take their time. The struggle must in any case be long and painful. They have apparently learnt a great deal. Non-violence was most successful in Port Elizabeth, for instance, whence came nearly half of the 8,000 volunteers; and this seems to have derived from a better type of organisation than existed in the Transvaal and elsewhere in the Cape. When the African National Congress began its part in the campaign it had only 5,000 due-paying members: today, according to Walter Sisulu, it has 60,000. Although four-fifths of these are probably in the towns, the last weeks of non-violent resistance began to penetrate deeply into the Transkei and some of the bigger Native Reserves. When the next round starts, the non-White organisations will have a far firmer and broader basis among masses of people.

Will it remain non-violent? Here one enters a more speculative field. So long as the present leaders retain control, it will: they are men of moderate, liberal, or Left-wing views who are known to condemn violence on political but also on religious grounds. The influence of *satyagraha* is paramount among the Indians, and is said to be spreading fast among the Africans. But the Nationalist Government has shown that there is nothing it dislikes more than *non-violent* resistance, for its customary method of repression—violence—is then inhibited (though not by any means forgotten). The Government has done its best to corrupt or intimidate the present leaders of the non-Whites; so far, it has failed in this. The influence of these leaders has probably never stood so high as it does today. In a literal sense they have been responsible for keeping the peace at a time when the Government—through a notoriously provocative police force—has done its best to break it.

The Government in its blindness may yet coercively deprive the non-Whites of this sane and thoughtful leadership. Obedient to its racialist doctrine, it may yet drive non-Whites to a point where anything would be better than acceptance. And it would be foolish, I suspect, to imagine that events in Kenya and in other parts of White-settler Africa will appear to South Africans (or to Indians) in the same light as they appear to others. Stray conversations with stray Africans rather give the impression that these events appear in a quite different light. However that may be—and it is exceedingly difficult for a White man here to know what non-White men are really thinking—there is a certainty that the Nationalist Government (and the great majority of Whites who, at least in racialist attitudes, support it) will have only itself to blame if things get out of hand. While stoking the fires of race hatred, this Government goes about its business of reducing and if possible destroying every sound, peaceful, and progressive influence upon the non-Whites. So far, as I say, it has not succeeded; and perhaps it will never succeed. But no one should underestimate this Government's lunatic determination, nor the abhorrence in which racial co-operation is held by nine Whites out of ten.

Abandoned to their fate by all but a handful of Whites, the non-Whites have at last found strong and honest leaders. They have combined in struggle against their status of permanent inferiority. This combination is likely to prove of high importance in the history of Africa.

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Air-borne

"I THINK," said the girl, speaking in the strained tone of sudden immutable resolve and turning towards me as though begging my approval of her desperate decision, " I think I'm going to be sick." Those waxed brown paper bags are no longer the first objects that strike the eye as one enters an aeroplane, and I looked about in vain. But the girl—it was her first flight and gallantly I had changed seats with her so that she could see out of the window—knew what to do. She pressed the bell for the stewardess, and the stewardess came along the plane in all her dazzling improbability: she was, one knew, a State-registered nurse, but the impersonation she gave of a Hollywood actress playing an air-hostess was superb. She leaned forward, and the girl said flatly, " I think I'm going to be sick." The stewardess smiled. " But you can't be," she said in a Kensington voice wholly appropriate to B.E.A., " *now*. Can she? " " Of course not," I answered. She turned to the girl: " Why, we'll be down in five minutes. It would be *silly* to be sick now." " Silly " was what she said, but it contained by implication all the words for what is not done in English public schools, English hospitals and English aeroplanes. It was an appeal to *esprit de corps*, an evocation of moral fibre, and it worked. Like instruments in a control tower bringing in a crippled aeroplane, the stewardess and I brought the girl down to earth unscathed, and when I saw her last she was running forward to greet her waiting friends, pale still but triumphant; and one could imagine the words issuing from her mouth almost in the form of a strip-cartoon balloon: " I did feel queasy, but I wasn't sick."

I was glad she wasn't, for her sake, my own and British European Airways'. Yet, not entirely perversely, I was glad that, on her first flight, she'd felt sick. It at least showed she was paying it the tribute of excitement. There's a point every time I fly when I feel queasy, and if there comes a time when I do no longer I shall be sad and know that another of the pleasures of life has gone and go back to travelling by train. " But give me still, to stir imagination, the chiaroscuro of a railway station." I used to think so too, but I wonder now if Auden still does. For me, Kensington Air Terminal every time; I do not find the station announcer at Waterloo

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" My previous medical experience came in handy—after examining this child I found him to be suffering from talipes and he had had no treatment since birth. This would have resulted in the child being prevented always from walking. I arranged for the examination of the child's feet by a well-known orthopædic surgeon, and within three weeks this little fellow was in hospital and operated upon. He is making excellent progress."

FAMILY HELPED

The Inspector's report then went on to say that the mother, who was in an advanced state of pregnancy, was unhappy, and that there were certain difficulties (quite apart from the child) in the relationship between the mother and the father. The Inspector did all he could to help the parents overcome their problems, and by the time the new baby arrived the family was happily settled again. The report continues: " At the time of the new baby's arrival I was able to arrange for a Home Help to go in for a whole month. The gratitude of these parents is overwhelming and there is no more welcome visitor in their home than myself. They are anxious that when the child fully recovers, photographs may be used, for other misguided parents."

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int n ıg " Surbiton, Hinchley Wood, Claygate for Claremont, Oxshott for Fairmile, Cobham, Effingham, Horsley for Ockham, and all stations to Guildford " anything like as stirring as the grand names they threw about so casually in Kensington High Street.

This, I know, exposes me either as a naive, very simple romantic or as a low trippery fellow posing as a V.I.P. when all he's out for are the free eats and buckshee champagne. The higher snobbism that goes with the dryest sherry and insists on saying " luncheon " has decided against air travel except as an unfortunate necessity when one's in a really great hurry. " A slow boat to China—that's the thing," the higher snobbism says ; or " There's only one way to see Split—third-class, and no *couchettes*." Colonel Van Der Post has told us eloquently, in *Venture to the Interior*, of the disastrous effects of long-distance air-travel on the psyche : your physical body is outside Swan and Edgar's but your unconscious is still in Bloemfontein, and it's hell. I admit it all, and yet if I have to make a journey of more than a hundred-and-fifty miles I now find out if an aeroplane will take me there.

And not because it will take me there more quickly. That's only half of it. The real reason is the people you see on the plane : who are they, and where do they come from ? As a means of collecting together the largest variety of human types the long-distance air-liner is probably the nearest thing to the stage-coach of Fielding that we've had since the eighteenth century. And this is natural enough : local distinctions between human beings are probably less than they've ever been, but the aeroplane still goes far enough to net national varieties. But the varieties are not necessarily easy to spot on the surface : that's part of the fun. English and Americans normally identify themselves even if they do not speak, but every aeroplane contains its puzzlers. In my experience there's always a large black-jowled man with an overcoat with fur round the collar. He smokes very long thick cigars and is busy all the time with important papers out of two brief-cases ; a double whisky is permanently in front of him. Place of birth ? Riga, without a doubt. This man, as you learn when you follow him through passport-control, is invariably a Mexican.

On any long-distance flight, partly because of the curious hours which aeroplanes choose for departing from their ports of call, most of the men are conspicuously ill-shaven. An incipient beard is a great leveller : nine hours out, as it were, and you can't tell a diplomat from a spiv. The initial assumption, however, that all passengers on long flights are either diplomats or spivs, is wrong. One of my favourite contemporary heroes is a famous novelist whom I once saw at a cocktail party brandishing in great excitement one of those madly expensive and clever razors that need the aid neither of soap nor water and yet don't have to be plugged into electric light sockets. We who were not best-selling novelists crowded round to sneer while he shaved on the spot. Were such new-fangled things any better, *qua* razor, than the old-fashioned ones you used a brush with, and, if they weren't, wasn't it rather ostentatious to use them ? And so on. He stopped his ablutions and stared at us in astonishment. Were we serious ? " But think," he said, " think how invaluable it'll be in an aeroplane ? " Very well shaven men in aeroplanes tend to be best-selling novelists.

Some passengers, however, defy identification. There was, for instance, the old peasant woman, dressed completely in black, with a black shawl over her head and, so far as one could see, no baggage at all, who embarked one Sunday evening somewhat more than two years ago in the London plane from Prague. The plane was not half-full, and the rest of us seemed to be a mixed bunch of commissars together with myself and an official from our Embassy and his wife and small child. I noticed that while this old peasant woman did not speak to the British diplomat or to his wife or child, she was careful, at the airport in Prague, never to be more than two yards away from him, and that in the aeroplane she took the seat immediately behind them. Improbable though it was, one could only write her down as, so to speak, a Czech ayah.

We came down for half an hour at Frankfurt. The old woman still shadowed the diplomat and his family. I fell into conversation with him. No, she was no connection of his. He knew only one thing about her : she didn't speak Czech. " I can only think," he said, " she must feel safer near a woman and a child." We boarded the plane, and the steward came round with those forms you fill up to show you have not been in contact with smallpox. It was hopeless : no language known by anyone on that aeroplane could tell her what was wanted of her. I last saw her waiting outside the medical officer's room at London Airport, waiting until someone could be found who spoke whatever language it was she did ; an infinitely patient, infinitely pathetic figure, the peasant at the airport. She didn't weep, she didn't wail ; she didn't speak unless spoken to, and then a few stolid words in her mysterious tongue. Wherever it was she was going, she gave no appearance of doubt that she'd get there ; and she had the air of being prepared to wait to do so for ever.

I had another encounter on this flight. Quite the nicest of the commissars sat opposite me. He had no brief-case, no documents ; whenever he caught my eye he grinned hugely : being in an aeroplane was an enormous joke. Then, when we crossed the English coast, he looked out of the window at the lights below and spoke for the first time. " London ? " he asked, with great excitement. I shook my head : " Not yet." And " London ? " he asked as every new pattern of lights passed below us. I've never seen a man so eager to get to London. " Are you staying in London ? " I inquired politely. His grin became wider, huger. It brushed London aside. " In the morning," he said in his painful sketchy English, " I go Canada " ; and he nearly burst himself laughing with happiness. To the list of your passengers in the air, to the diplomats, commissars, spivs, best-selling novelists, journalists, add another category—the refugee, displaced person.

In future I hope to vary my travels by aeroplane with flights of another kind, flights by helicopter. So far I have made only one. It was a noble experience. There were two of us and we sat, open to the air, on either side of the pilot. It was also very tripperish, for it was a flip round the bay at Mentone. We proceeded at what seemed slow and stately pace along the coast, just above the sea, as far as Ventigmilia, turned back to Monte Carlo, and then back to Mentone. We were, I suppose, a hundred feet up ; enough to set the Corniche and the Alpes-Maritimes in a wholly new perspective ; and as we travelled along we were the cynosure, as they say, of all eyes. It was wonderfully, ecstatically vulgar ; it was impossible to resist the temptation to wave one's hat—I am the kind of Englishman who never wears a hat at home but plants one firmly on his head when he gets under the Mediterranean sun—not only to one's friends below but to the

THE TAX COLLECTORS There is little of their modern successors' ruthless urbanity in these 16th century Dutch tax collectors—from a painting by Marinus van Reymerswaele. Ruthlessness, yes ; for the gathering in of hard cash in those days was apt to be a dangerous proceeding. Urbanity was to come with anonymity.
Coins on authority's table remind us nowadays more of a bank counter, of those little brown paper bags in which coins are packed. And paper bags — be they carrier bags, vegetable bags, or specially constructed bags for hygienic food handling — are as much part of modern life as the aloof manner of modern taxation. Millions of paper bags are sold every year by Bowaters. Just one of the ways in which their Packaging Division makes paper serve modern life.

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whole envying world looking up at one. It was like being in a State landau, but the view was better. And all the while the pilot talked to me earnestly in rapid Niçoise, a dialect utterly incomprehensible against the roar of the engines. I limited myself to "Oui" and "Non" at what seemed appropriate points, and I must have chosen the right points because, when we slowly hovered down to earth, it dawned on me that he'd been trying to sell me the thing. One of these days I hope to buy.

WALTER ALLEN

The Arts and Entertainment

GLORIANA, CHELTENHAM, GLYNDEBOURNE

THE fuss about *Gloriana* derives from the fact that it reached a huge public which, in other circumstances, would have left it severely alone. Since gala performances have to be attended by throngs of unmusical people, there is much to be said for the old-fashioned tradition of single acts from well-known operas, as brilliantly cast as possible, followed by a ballet. For that simple solution we have grown both too serious and too nationalistic. So three and a half hours of a brand-new English opera, not in the least wild in the sense that *Wozzeck* or even *Elektra* might still be called wild, but presupposing some familiarity with modern idiom, is spread before a public ranging from Fiji islanders and Mauritians to bewildered country clergymen loyally tuning in to Covent Garden on what one presumes to be crystal receiving sets. Result: consternation. A knight with "a sound knowledge of theory, form and orchestration" pronounces that "this modern art and music . . . has no soul." As for Mr. Beverley Baxter, he is disposed to make a Star Chamber matter of it, demands Lord Harewood's head on a charger, and does not hesitate to explain how *he* would have set about the task of an Elizabethan opera: "Why not Shakespeare and his actors giving a performance at the Palace? . . . Why not show Drake finishing his game of bowls?"

Amid so much slapstick, it is agreeable to find the regular musical public keeping its head. Subsequent performances of *Gloriana* have been very warmly received, and it is plain that approval has been bestowed, not only upon the admittedly splendid decor, or upon the brilliant impersonation of Queen Elizabeth by Joan Cross, or the gallant shot at Essex by Peter Pears, but upon the composer. That the musical public loves Britten's music is abundantly clear; for instance, when our largest halls sell out, as they invariably do, for a performance of the *Spring Symphony*. In *Gloriana* I doubt whether his warmest admirers will find a comparable level of inspiration; it is by no means a watertight work of art and it reveals, not for the first time, Britten's strange unwillingness to build beautiful isolated ideas into those extended structures which a full-scale opera demands. But the beautiful ideas are plentifully there, memorable, fresh and absolutely individual; and the public has the sense to see that an imperfect opera with many scenes of radiant beauty is something to be thankful for. The main weakness of *Gloriana* is that its beauties are for the most part decorative and incidental. The bizarre relationship between an ageing Queen and an ambitious courtier has proved, as might have been foreseen, intractable to operatic treatment. Hence a certain want of substance, of emotional impact and depth, in a work which gleams with intelligence, charm and skill.

This year no one could accuse Cheltenham of pandering to trivial tastes. Besides two new String Quartets (of which I hope to write next week) three symphonies have received first (or first concert) performances from the Hallé Orchestra:

TINPOT DICTATORS

ARE the nationalised railways and the trade unions to be allowed to hush up the scandal of the driver who abandoned his train in a huff at a level crossing?

●

Are the five Cornish magistrates—one of them a woman—who had a girl of 19 kept in prison for three weeks on evidence so flimsy that the Appeal Court threw out the case, to be permitted to hush up this iniquity and continue to dispense such "justice"?

JOHN GORDON

will disclose some astonishing facts about both these public scandals in his famous Current Events column

in the

SUNDAY EXPRESS

Arnell's Fourth and Wordsworth's Third under Barbirolli, and Iain Hamilton's Second under Boult. The writing of symphonies, especially of English symphonies, is now a desperately fierce and portentous business, and Cheltenham audiences have become inured to massive motto themes on the brass and climaxes which seem to have one overriding aim: to stun. Arnell's Symphony (1945) is typical of the genre: a luxuriant tangle of assertive but commonplace ideas, almost continually overscored. It was played *con amore* by Barbirolli, and well received by an audience which raised a few timid boos, the next evening, for the Hamilton Symphony. This was a far more distinguished work, of leaner build, original and unquestionably difficult to grasp, yet leaving an impression of burning sincerity and assurance; we may be sure—and thankful—that we shall hear it again. I am indebted to Messrs. Lengnick for enabling me to hear a private recording of Wordsworth's new Symphony, the performance of which I was obliged to miss. It is a most interesting and successful composition, built around the interval of the tritone and the clash between C major and C sharp (or D flat). Such a scheme is far from new, but the composer has explored its possibilities with a grasp of form and colour which satisfies the intelligence and charms the ear. The longest and most important of his three movements is a central Andante espressivo, a beautifully scored meditation whose winding and dipping melodies seem to owe something to the example of Carl Nielsen.

Glyndebourne has opened with a repetition of last year's *Cenerentola*, identically cast but in every respect immensely improved, and with a new production of *Alceste*. The latter, after an unenjoyable broadcast of the first night, I approached with some misgivings. Of all Gluck's operas it is the most monotonous; and the danger of monotony is increased with a cast so little at home in the French language. A palace exterior by Sir Hugh Casson resembling the side entrance of an exhibition pavilion further lowered our spirits. But by degrees the plain grandeur of the choruses and the variety and touching veracity of the music given to Alceste made their effect; Carl Ebert's staging of the scene at the entrance to Hades, lit with all the subtlety of which Glyndebourne is capable, was highly imaginative; and so, in this scene, was the decor. Magda Laszlo, the Hungarian Alcestis, has taste and some pleasing soft notes; but an insecure technical basis prevents her from tackling anything beyond mezzo-forte without sad evidence of strain. Richard Lewis worked wonders with the difficult role of Admetus. In both Rossini and Gluck, the chorus and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra responded well to the decisive direction of Vittorio Gui; but, while *Cenerentola* has now become a first-rate entertainment, *Alceste* is burdened with unnecessary stylistic and linguistic incongruities. Why are French singers so rigidly excluded from Glyndebourne?

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

WILLIAM SCOTT

I BELIEVE Clive Bell used to say that William Scott was the only young English painter who, having encountered Picasso, had managed to absorb the impact and been able thoroughly to digest what he had taken from that master. This was a tribute well deserved, for Scott has always been remarkable, here in England, for his possession of the pictorial science that enables a painter to construct a picture which, like an efficient machine, does actually *work*—a faculty still commoner in Paris than London. Yet this compliment of a few years back rings strangely now in one respect: we no longer think immediately of Picasso when looking at Scott's pictures (if, in fact, we often did? Cézanne and Bonnard were equal as influences on the earlier Scott). Scott is, and long has been, a very individual painter with a remarkably clear-cut and—especially latterly—powerful personality. His tall, black, spiky wine-bottles: his lean black fishes: his elongated spoons or toasting-forks that had the startling presence of small pieces of Negro sculpture: and, above all, the superbly plastic emptiness of his background kitchen walls—all these were his own, impregnated by his own personal quality, possibly ten years ago.

In his present remarkable exhibition at the Hanover Gallery, William Scott is discovered to have abandoned the fish, the eggs, the fish-slice and the colander: yet their absence only demonstrates that what always counted most was not the quality of his still-life objects, but the quality of his pictures themselves. Here is an artist for whom literary associations count for little. The concrete reality of plastic colour and form is paramount. Extremely gifted, Scott's gifts are those of the mere painter. That is, his whole passion, his whole energy, is directed into the organisation of the picture. For such an un-English phenomenon (the painter, pure and simple) life itself and all its mystery, all the tensions of consciousness, both intellectual and sensual, are focussed in the mere arrangement of form against form, of tonal colour against tonal colour. And, of course, this powerful and original painter has a strength and directness—that of pure intuition—which quite precludes the soft picturesqueness and prettiness which so much English painting—even of an "abstract" order—cannot escape, it seems.

It is typical of Scott to combine great austerity of design with voluptuous paint, rich in texture and colour and very subtle in tone. There is a picture here called *Harbour* which consists solely of a rough white ground on which a thin, solid black tongue-form (a harbour jetty) curves out and upwards from the bottom left-hand corner out into the middle of the whiteness; while, across the top, runs a thinner, black, uneven "horizon" line. There is also a small square of black in the "sky" in the extreme top left of the canvas. The image of the jetty-tongue has extraordinary vitality and an almost alarmingly stark simplicity. Yet the thick, knifed, white pigment everywhere has, in conjunction with the black, a positive voluptuousness: and the whole design has a formal strength and compactness that is final. We are alarmed by the animal vigour of the image: yet soothed and reassured by the completeness of the formal statement.

In the still lifes, of which there are many, the "empty" areas of dirty white, or grey—brushed and scraped into a stringent vibrancy, which is the vibration of tone colour—these seem to have expanded in the painter's consciousness until they have nearly ousted the neat little kitchen-table personages. Some would say, therefore, that Scott has abandoned figuration. This is surely to mistake the meaning of his present phase. Scott could not be further from the purists of non-figurative art. The restless pulse of living things everywhere inhabits his forms, pulling them out of the square, out of the straight. Even in those of his present canvases in which the familiar, thrusting framework of horizontals checking verticals is only the ghost of a table, we have the feeling that something *animal* lurks beneath the beautifully ragged, lopsided, flapping rectangular slabs of ochre, scarlet, crimson, grey or black. Scott always used a table for two purposes: as a *personage*, a mysteriously animated quadruped: and as a most apt vehicle for architectural design.

The architecture of his new pictures is stronger, its rhythms are both simpler and possessed of a stronger pulse, than ever before. No painter in this country moves across his canvas with a surer tread. None combines a firmer punch with a greater elegance of control: the rugged, barn-door (or fishing-boat hull) quality of paint is the means for conveying a supremely formal utterance. And space is always generated—both by the actual disposition of the forms and directly; directly *out of* the vibrant flatness of the paint. The resonance of a flat, knifed area of tomato red (perhaps with a yellower orange ground lighting it up from underneath) itself develops that spatial sensation of depth which is so difficult to achieve, and yet is so vital a component in Scott's idiom. It is this sensation of space and depth in a painted flatness that inspires much contemporary painting. Scott is a brilliant exponent of it. One might indeed claim that many of the so-called non-figurative painters of the present day have discovered not non-figuration, but the figuration of space. Space itself is often their subject. Thus their "objects," though solid, are anonymous.

Yet Scott is not usually non-figurative, even in this sense. The personality that spurted from those winking, perfect eggs, those silhouetted fish and frying-pans of his earlier period is still present. And many of his older images are here still: the black window panes, the ochre table and the orange walls of *Interior* are only forced one degree nearer the surface of the picture; they are not abolished. And in *Table Still Life* he even retains pans and pots: only their modelled curves have been subtracted, rendering them squarish

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PATRICK HERON

WATCH AND LISTEN

IT happens that last week provided a fair, if limited, opportunity to judge the merits of sound and television. The two mediums had to tackle the same events, so that, for once, a critic can compare like with like instead of having to work out a complicated equation of checks and balances that may not be so valid as he thinks. The events chosen—the Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's, the Trooping of the Colour, and the Royal Tournament—had in theory everything television needs—variety, movement, spectacle. Why is it, then, that one has come away with a feeling of disappointment? Why is it that, on the whole, the sound broadcasts were so much more satisfactory?

The televised version of the service in St. Paul's could not have begun better. The cheering crowds, the arrival of famous people, the clash and uproar of the bells—all this created an essential excitement. An excitement that did not last. The cameras were impressive enough so long as the scene itself was on the move; once it congealed and became static, TV was as helpless as a lantern slide. Vainly, the cameras tried to find relief by fumbling towards the altar or giving us long vistas of the cathedral. Even the good shots seemed to be there by some happy chance and not as the result of any planning from an original mind.

Television was no more successful with the Trooping of the Colour. The screen is still too small for such an overcrowded scene, so that when the ranks of the bands passed through one another, we were left with an impression of baffling confusion. The commentator was also worse than the sound reporter. "Princess Anne looks, I can't describe it any more, absolutely sweet." The Duke of Edinburgh must have had a harrowing morning. "As I said just now, the Duke of Edinburgh's horse is very much on his toes." Listening to the B.B.C. sometimes reminds one of Conrad's remark about the Russians' love of words:

> They gather them up; they cherish them, but they don't hoard them in their breasts; on the contrary, they are always ready to pour them out by the hour or by the night with an enthusiasm, a sweeping abundance, with such an aptness of application sometimes that, as in the case of very accomplished parrots, one can't defend oneself from the suspicion that they really understand what they say.

No one should underestimate the difficulty of describing a scene as it is happening and without any chance for reflection, but the trouble with some of the B.B.C. commentators is that the platitude seems to rise too readily to their minds, the eye rests too often on the stale and obvious. There is, too, far less excuse for bad reporting in TV than in sound. The television commentator need not keep it up all the time: indeed it is essential that he should not distract our attention by talking about what we can see for ourselves or by pointing out irrevelant details. Much the same criticism can be made of the television broadcast of the Royal Tournament, though this had some unforgettable shots—the scene, for instance, of the boy Highlanders who, with tongues between their teeth and screwed-up eyes, danced away in a passion of anxiety.

Now the sound broadcasts of the three events had only one failure—the service in St. Paul's—and it was caused, as these things usually are, by a fluffy commentary. We all know by this time "that soaring dome", which is "so airy, so full of light", and some of us have long suspected

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

that St. Paul's is "Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece." This gentle lullaby was made still more embarrassing because it was said—recited, perhaps, would be a better word—in the yearning voice the B.B.C. puts on to denote spiritual emotion: no jilted lover whispering for his mate can compare with the Corporation in a religious ecstasy. No doubt the B.B.C. had some excuse on this occasion: the commentator may have been taking his cue from the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Primate said that "last week . . . this country and this Commonwealth were not far from the Kingdom of Heaven." I quote these words, not in the pious hope that I shall live to see a Prince of the Church burnt for such chatter, but merely to point out that when famous people talk like this, a radio critic cannot complain too severely about any minor lapses on the part of the Corporation.

The two other versions—and the same could be said of the sound descriptions of the Royal drives and the Queen's Guildhall visit—were cool and efficient and certainly gave a good idea of what was passing. Not that sound has any ground for complacency. The day will come when some of the present faults in the television service will automatically disappear: we shall get both a larger screen and a clearer image. In the meantime these broadcasts surely prove that sound can still more than hold its own.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

MRS. DALE SEES IT THROUGH

THE Church of England has in recent years been able to congratulate itself on being an enlightened patron of poetic drama. It can claim to have launched both T. S. Eliot and Christopher Fry on their dramatic careers. What a chance, then, it was offered by the setting of the Abbey in its Coronation magnificance! There has not, it is said, been a play acted in the Abbey since medieval times at least. At long last the tradition is revived. On that very spot where a week before, in the eyes of the whole nation, the Church took a leading role in a ceremony marvellously touching, superbly dignified, wonderfully dramatic (to stick merely to the secular) a play is staged. And the choice? A play of a banality that has to be heard to be believed. How humiliated the Dean and his Chapter must feel, how foolish! For they have not, we may suppose, been more backward than their brothers in expatiating to their congregations on the beauty and significance of the Coronation ceremonies; yet what will be thought the value of their testimony, seeing that they cannot distinguish between the grandeur of their inherited ritual and the easy sentimentality and vulgar pietism of the play they choose to succeed it?

Out of the Whirlwind is structurally a sort of holy *Cavalcade*; its language alternates between the common speech of *The Glorious Years* and the poeticism of the middle grade of Christmas cards; spiritually it goes just about as deep as *Mrs. Dale's Diary*. In a series of short scenes we are shown the afflictions of Martha Gam, afflictions brought about, we are led to understand, by an Unclean Spirit disguised as a suave citizen in grey tails who is disputing with a Canon of the Abbey and a young literary gentleman (looking remarkably like Bob Dale) for Martha's soul. She marries on August 4th, 1914, and loses her husband in the war, the moment of loss being marked by the Abbey choir from their gallery singing "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and a heraldic procession ushering in Henry V to recite the muster of the English dead. Still, she has her son and the Women's Institute ("the Women's Institute is almost the whole of my life now") and a devoted old Colonel admirer, and the years pass, and a king is crowned; and the son and his fiancée in tennis clothes just miss (I didn't get the significance of this) hearing that Coronation on the wireless. Comes the second world war and the W.V.S. and utter prostration from rolling bandages. And the boy gets his wings and she loses him too, and the heralds file in and Henry V counts the muster of the English dead—again.

Still, there's a grandson in spite of air raids and bombs. ("Sound the All Clear O Lord. Thy People Perish.") But now the Unclean Spirit's blood is really up. He plots with her solicitor to swindle her out of her money and gets all the rents in the district raised. Bowed but unbeaten, Martha gets an unspecified job. Our climax is approaching. The Spirit is preparing his final blow. She's lost her husband. She's lost her son. Now she is to lose her job. Surely at this crisis, moaning on the floor, she can be persuaded to curse her God? The Spirit stands over her brutally playing on her weakness. Her friends gather round willing her not to give in. It is a near thing, but Dyrkin Townley, leader of the medieval miracle players (who, I ought to have mentioned, mysteriously materialised at the start of the evening and have been useful ever since for carrying on props and reciting the poetical choruses), leans over and adjures her: "Hold fast, Lass, hold fast!" And hold fast then she triumphantly does before expiring in the Canon's arms, waking to find St. Peter welcoming her Home.

A gallant band of highly professional actors, admirably directed by Mr. Hugh Miller, does its very best to dignify this sad occasion. Miss Fay Compton carries the main burden as effectively as possible, Mr. Robert Harris gravely assists. But they deserve better. There is some excuse for an author called on for an occasional piece to fall back on clichés and platitudes, if his inspiration fails, and against the pressure of time think it all better than it is. But the guardians of the Abbey ought never to have allowed this piece to disgrace the place where it is acted. It is not fitting.

Back to the West End where taste need be less certain: and uncertain it decidedly is in *The Private Life of Helen* at the Globe. This is another play by André Roussin who wrote *The Little Hut*. Disappointingly there is a complete absence of wit in the lines, and whether or not you find it funny depends on whether or not your humour is tickled by the idea of Helen of Troy as a mother-in-law. The fun, such as it is, turns on her daughter's engagement to Orestes, and whether or not she can marry into so disreputable a family. It requires wit and taste to raise this kind of thing from the puerile. Here both are wanting, and we are again left to derive what pleasure we can from performers, Miss Diana Wynyard as Helen and Mr. Cecil Parker as an energetically beefy Menelaus.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"The Girls of the Spanish Steps," at Studio One
"I Bambini ci Guardano," at the National Film Theatre
"Single-Handed," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"The Captain's Paradise," at the Plaza

10.15 on a Monday morning is hardly the most propitious time for film-going, and there was nothing specially inviting about the invitation to *The Girls of the Spanish Steps*. So many girls lure one, at all hours of the day, in celluloid, to pleasure islands, Niagara, and where not. Moreover, while the card gave the names of unknown actresses, it quite omitted to mention any director; a very bad sign, as a rule.

However I went, found that the missing name was Luciano Emmer, and in my joy over this unexpectedness was almost disappointed by the film itself. You may remember his *Sunday in August*, a delicate, romping impression of Rome stampeding to its seaside. Once again the discovery is Rome, its tourist-scanned antiquities, sunlight and suburbs, early lights, sitting-out life of the poor. Every Italian film must take its bus journey to the outskirts. This one focuses on girls employed in a dressmaker's off a main square; at lunch time three of them have a habit of sitting together on what's known as the Spanish steps. Of course, they are pretty, they all have boys, and their stories will intertwine in ways not unknown to the cinema. This is the maga-

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zine approach. As though to emphasise it, we are first introduced to the locality by a tourist's guide, and then by a brooding librarian whose interest in the girls below his window is such that he follows them (in imagination, presumably) through all the most intimate and crucial moments of their days and nights. If *The Girls of the Spanish Steps* had serious pretensions, this would be a capital error. It hasn't. It's the kind of thing we are always turning up ourselves in *Bond Streets* and *Derby Days* and the like. But Emmer has a talent, and even his magazine fiction is preferable to others'.

The girls themselves are quite charming: one being promoted to mannequin and yelling her head off in one of those enormous gesticulating families packed into a couple of rooms; another supporting a mother and taking poison over a snob lover; the third, whose father trains horses, coming down to marry the jockey smaller even than herself. Varied, sentimental, not too bad stories. But the real charm of the film—somewhat intermittent—is in its camera prowlings, its mass-observations of the Roman scene. The tenements at night especially awaken flickers of life and love: when the girl with the bigger breasts and the more challenging accents starts singing, and the lovers steal off round a corner, to have a child sent after them to report, and later when from window to window lit up in the dark the wildest of rumours is volleyed up and down by the loudest of voices, we enjoy the sensation of being there. As I have suggested, we aren't there all through this lively piece with the trite outlines, but it can bring us a mixed pleasure.

Another Italian film opens a De Sica season at the National Film Theatre. *I Bambini ci Guardano*, which I reviewed at some length when it was first shown to members, hasn't the dash of *Bicycle Thieves* or its mingling of pathos and fun; it represents an earlier and more solemn discovery of childhood, and the episodic treatment is not improved by a drearily sentimental theme tune. Despite this, it is an unusually moving film, and the performance of a six-year-old child outshines even that of the boy in *Bicycle Thieves*. This infant suffers the anguish of a mother who goes off with a lover and a father who jumps out of the window, and at the end frighteningly walks out of the door himself—whatever that sentimental tune may be trying to say to us.

Single-Handed returns to C. S. Forester's *Brown on Resolution*, brings it forward a war, and encumbers it with one of those dreadful flashbacks to Hollywood's Georgian England. Mr. Michael Rennie and Miss Wendy Hiller don't seem much to enjoy the embarrassing courtship, the latter indeed putting on her worst pussy look and articulating her words as though she were back to the first night of Shaw on Doolittle. Although they don't marry, their Canadian son manages, as a British sailor, to hold up the "Essen" with a rifle for a day; and this part of the film is well if rather slowly done. The heroic act results in the hero's death and the "Essen's" destruction, and then Mr. Rennie and Miss Hiller meet again in the only possible place at the moment—a room in Buckingham Palace.

Seafaring of an even less realistic kind plays its part in the British film of the week: Capt. Alec Guinness plies a passenger steamer between Gibraltar and North Africa, with Miss Celia Johnson here and Miss Yvonne de Carlo there. Here are cocoa, rissoles, and apron domesticity; there, *highlif* and Bikinis. After a while the wife wants to be a mistress (preferably someone else's), and the mistress to be a wife. Only Mr. Guinness, though technically the loser on all counts, seems impervious to the tedium of the situation. The joke is handed down with a true British tenacity.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Immortal Hour" and "Riders to the Sea," at Sadler's Wells

Apart from a revival of Vaughan Williams's *Hugh the Drover* (and how exceedingly enjoyable this is), the Sadler's Wells Coronation offerings have been an evening of Celtic boredom, and half-an-hour of Celtic gloom. It is hard to imagine what led the directors to revive Rutland Boughton's *The Immortal Hour*, harder still to discern the qualities which made it a popular success in the 'Twenties. There are one of two gently agreeable melodies, a libretto which a first-night audience just refrained from mocking, and a general spinelessness. The singing was efficient, the production dim and charmless. Vaughan Williams's one-acter, *Riders to the Sea*, is another matter, and deserves a place in the Sadler's Wells repertory. The syntactical strangeness of Synge's diction (past tenses involving "after," and so on) does not make a happy effect when sung in English; but the score is a powerful and moving transcription of the play. Beating through it is the surge of the sea, which has already carried off five of the grim old mother's sons, and in the course of the opera claims the sixth and last. To have one's spirits lowered by this piece, and then raised by the real jollity, the charm and the beautiful melodies of *Hugh the Drover*, is to form a surprisingly favourable view of Vaughan Williams's range as an opera composer. And the Sadler's Wells company is at its best in these performances.

A. P.

Correspondence

MARXISM REVISITED

SIR,—I have read and re-read Mr. Emile Burns's interesting and considered reply to my articles on Marxism. But—though one hardly likes to say it—has he not founded his argument on a simple confusion of the absolute standard of life of the wage-earners with their share of the national income? I can draw no other conclusion from his key sentence. He writes "... there can be no ground for assuming that a redistribution has taken place equal to the rise in productivity..."

But clearly there does not have to be any *redistribution*, for the workers' standard of life to rise at an *equal* pace to productivity. By definition a redistribution of the national income would mean that the workers' standard of life had risen *faster* than the national income. I have personally no doubt that in fact since 1939 it has done so, though by no means so markedly as many people suppose. Up to 1939 there had been little or no net redistribution. (See Chapter IV of Douglas Jay's *The Socialist Case* for full summary of the evidence.) All the social reforms and direct taxation of the rich, plus trade union action, has done no more than balance the natural drive of the System, which is to prevent the wage-earners' standard of life from rising at all. But that meant that their standard of life rose in fact at a pace about equal to the rise in the national income. One can argue for ever about the statistics, which, as Burns says, are by no means precise; but honestly I do not see how one can come to any other broad conclusion than that.

I advance instead an argument which Burns should, but I fear will not, accept. If the wage-earners' standard of life in the decisive capitalist countries has declined from the level of the hungry Forties (which was what Marx said it would do and what Stalin said had in fact happened); or even if it has failed to rise with the rising national income, why have the British workers in particular remained unaffected by the whole Communist case, based consciously and unconsciously, on this major premise of Marx? Why have the by no means negligible powers of men like Pollitt, Horner, Hannington, or the selfless fanaticism of Emile Burns himself, had literally almost no effect, decade after decade? If their general case broadly corresponded with reality how *could* the years have been so totally unfulfilling?

I remember once putting this issue to the late William Rust. He replied that it was all the fault of the devilishly effective propaganda of the Social Democrats! The difficulty about that reply is that, apart from its quite excessive tribute to our propagandist skill, it is so wildly anti-Marxist. It pushes the personal role in history very far indeed. Surely, if one accepts the general historical outlook of Marx, one must suppose that if the Communist case had corresponded with reality it would have been increasingly believed by the British wage earners? It is certain that it is only because they have been able steadily to force up their standard of life, not as

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Burns suggests I suppose, by *means* of the mechanism of Capitalism, but *in the teeth* of the tendencies of Capitalism, that the British wage earners have gone Labour instead of Communist. And the confirmation of that is that in those parts of the world where the Communist case corresponds better with reality it has had a substantial effect.

I have only space to refute briefly two of Burns's numerous distortions of my argument; readers will have spotted a good many others for themselves. First, he writes that I imply that "the working class can only advance in so far as it can get agreement from the monopoly Capitalists." Readers will recall that my second article, "The Symbol of the Aircraft," was devoted to saying the opposite. My position is precisely that we can only succeed if we confront Capitalism with what Burns calls "overwhelming industrial and political strength." Is it not rather pathetic to hear the spokesman of Burns's party talking about this necessity? For the inappropriateness of the practice and theory of the Communists to British conditions has prevented them, after 30 years of convulsive effort, from achieving almost any strength at all. Second, he ends his article by ascribing a formula to me, in inverted commas: "keep working class income proportionate to productivity and all will be well"? He writes that this formula is "totally unreal." Indeed it is—and it is also a complete invention of his own. Whether or not a rise in working class income proportionate to the rise in productivity will suffice to avert slump will depend on all sorts of other circumstances at particular times and places. In my last article I expressed by own view that in contemporary America, for example, it would not. In this connection I should like to thank Mr. Davis of New York for his admirable letter.

I cannot ask for space to do more than answer your other correspondents collectively. What shocked some of them—it was intended to—was that the articles were neither pro- nor anti-Marxist. What they evidently felt was that: "Here is someone saying *neither* that Marxism is the basis of all human thought, *nor* that it is pernicious nonsense. What is to be done about such a fellow as that?"

Well, that is just the point. The time has come when we really must achieve a rational, adult attitude to Marxism. Obviously it is most unlikely that the whole of Marxism will have proved either right or wrong. No considerable school of thought in the whole of human history ever has. And the emotional necessity which people feel to accept or reject Marx whole, is simply a reflection of the political passions still aroused, after 100 years, by him. But if we are not to waste the fruits of his genius, we must begin, at long last, the task of seeing Marxism as one indispensable part of the effort to comprehend and so control social reality.

JOHN STRACHEY

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BOGNOR REGIS

COMMERCIALISED AIR

SIR,—Your comments on Mr. J. Fred Muggs leave me more puzzled than ever at your "doctrinal commitment," in your own phrase, against the freedom of the air. I'd always understood Socialism to mean public ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange. Radio and television are none of these. Why then favour a monopoly which is, as you state, "the main source of propaganda against social change"? To be consistent, you should also advocate a State monopoly of publishing, the press, the cinema, the theatre, sport, and religion. But of course you don't; and no one would waste a word on defending the B.B.C., were it not for the technical accident which produced a casual monopoly thirty years ago.

You argue that commercial television will show lower taste than the saintly monopoly. Why should it? If it offends the public, the advertising result will not be obtained; and, like all the critics of free television, you write as though all advertising is directed to a mass-market. Do the listeners to the Third Programme never buy quality goods? In the press, it is the newspapers with small circulation which depend on advertising revenue; and the mass-newspapers which can be independent of it. Yet which shows better taste—the *Manchester Guardian* or the *News of the World*?

Three-quarters of broadcasting output is entertainment; and free television will give better variety—in more senses than one. No one is proposing that the B.B.C. should be abolished or even have its revenue diminished; simply that there should be other outlets for artists and, even more important, for producers. Why not try freedom? It has its risks, but also, I believe, its virtues.

But at least let us discuss the question without mudslinging. It is untrue that the demand for free television comes solely from "a small pressure group." Everyone I know who has ever had experience of the B.B.C. favours freedom of the air—except for Labour M.P.s and yourself. And if we are to use the argument of guilt from association, bear in mind that those who oppose free television put themselves on the same side as Lord Halifax and Lord Waverley. That, surely, is decisive.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Magdalen College, Oxford.

THE WEATHER MEN

SIR,—Denis Weaver's claim that the present average accuracy of the twenty-four-hour forecasts is now higher than it has ever been is much more cautious than these claims usually are—percentage accuracy is often given, with results astonishing to readers. I think the forecasts are so often wrong as to be of little use.

I have not kept records, but there was a typical failure on Thursday, June 11. That was, in East Anglia at least, a day of unbroken cloud and unceasing rain, varying only from steady drizzle to heavy downpour; the forecast (for South-East England) had been—"Moderate N.W. wind; probably dry, with bright periods, but chance of showers at first."

The forecasters seem to have no sense of scale, so that on outstanding meteorological occasions they are quite useless. On the day of the Lynmouth disaster local thunderstorms were forecast, but in terms no different from usual; the forecast for the day of the great floods in January, when hundreds were killed and thousands made homeless, was a stormy one, but again in terms no different from those usual on stormy days. During the prolonged frost of early 1947 a break was confidently, and wrongly, forecast at least twice, and when it did come it took the Met. Office unawares.

The forecasts are admittedly right sometimes, but as one does not know *when* they will be right this is not much use. Admittedly too, forecasting for six or eight hours ahead is very good indeed, and, thus limited, is invaluable for flying purposes. But it is clearly too much to expect, for more than twelve hours ahead, the reliability which the pomp and circumstance of their announcement would suggest.

In spite of the money that has been spent on forecasting since it began, in spite of Sferics and Radiosondes and the rest, if a man wants to know what sort of day it will be, he had much better make his own forecast from the direction of the wind and the look of the sky; or failing that, ask an experienced farmer or seaman.

C. J. BROWN DOUGLAS

THE ROYAL CARNIVAL

SIR,—Yes, in the whole business, nothing stays with more satisfaction in the memory than the good-natured candour of Kingsley Martin's article, Low's downright cartoons in the *Manchester Guardian*, and the human nature of the two Queens: the young wife and mother set on doing her whole duty in a spun-out mystery procedure to which it has pleased the Church, as by law established, to compel her, and the stalwart ruler of Tonga full of happiness in her open carriage in the rain with the friendly pale faces hooraying to her.

J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT

SIR,—May a generally appreciative reader say that he finds your editorial and other comments on the Coronation dreary and superficial? They range from ruffled rationalism to near-Tory heart-throb; but surely we have lived long enough in the psychological period to be able to go a little deeper than either of these?

When the Archbishop of Canterbury referred to the country at the Coronation as "not far from the Kingdom of God" he would have been nearer the truth if he had said "not far from the kingdom of the gods." Has Jung written in vain? In my experience, most of those who enthused about the Coronation were well aware that the religious ceremonies and the oaths had very little of their overt meaning as applied to a sovereign whose powers are little, if any, greater than that of a President. But for a few hours they were admitted to the world of the dream, where archetypes flit to and fro with the eternal fascination of the unconscious. The more rational we become, the more real become the old gods beneath the threshold. Pageantry and ceremonial are the age-long techniques of magical manipulation of forces unknown to and uncontrollable by the thinking intellect; and events like the Coronation, in a world increasingly deprived of religion, will become not less, but constantly more, necessary if outbursts both tragic and destructive are to be avoided. God save the Queen!

P. D. TURNER

Cave Cottage,
Oakridge Lynch, Stroud.

SIR,—It is sad that your treatment of the Coronation has put Mr. Gerald Lewis into such a bad temper, and one wonders what private frustration it is that makes him so cross. But surely his own reactions consist of the pot calling the kettle black. He fulminates against arrogance though he himself haughtily pours scorn on the 98 per cent. of the nation who disagree with him. His Welsh friend who regarded the 50,000 enthusiasts around him as "morons" was just the proverbial mother who arrogantly observed that her son was the only man in the regiment who was not out of step.

His scorn for the working people in back streets who put out flags proclaims his own mental superiority. He naively forgets that no one forced

them to celebrate and if he had told them that they were servile, they would have joyfully rolled him in the mud.

He condemns you roundly for not accusing the Queen of superciliousness when she happily waves to the acclaiming crowds and for finding it a natural reaction of unaffected pleasure. As for the schoolboy pages, subdued for a few hours into dignified and decorous behaviour, if in fact they are weak faced and arrogant he can soothe himself with an assurance that by this time their contemporaries at school have no doubt told them where they get off. . . .

It may be that the Coronation celebrations have got somewhat out of hand, but surely that is a fault on the right side. GEOFFREY E. HOWARD

43 Egerton Crescent,
London, S.W.3.

BOOTLAND

SIR,—Mr. Duerden's Bootland resembles more the world inside Boots' Library than that round about it. For instance, I, a Bootlander (or Freebooter?) born and bred, never heard anyone outside an Angela Thirkell novel refer to "the dear Vicar." I expect Mr. Duerden thinks that vicars commonly address their parishioners as "dear lady" and ejaculate "Bless my soul!" But then I fancy, from the slight evidence of his misquotation from *The Pilgrim's Progress*, that Mr. Duerden's acquaintance with churches has gone no further than *The Way of all Flesh*. To judge only by the most superficial evidence, these churches in "the better-class residential suburbs" are ever-flowing fountains of money and support for many quiet, long-continued good causes; hypocrisy, if it is that, is apt to come expensive to the hypocrite. But Mr. Duerden's tone has the sneering uneasiness characteristic of those who feel impelled to discredit—the exact inflection of one schoolboy calling another schoolboy "pi"—whatever sets up to have a higher principle than their own.

Even Mr. Duerden concedes that we fought "quite honourably" in the war (observe the force of that "quite"). It was, of course, "without having the faintest idea what it was all about." We might perhaps have known better had we been constant readers of the *Daily Worker*. But alas! Wisdom at that entrance was, and is, quite shut out. So we blunder on by our dim lights. "Good sticks, happy in a small way," we like pottering in our gardens, making our own clothes, going to the cinema when there's an English film on, listening to Handel and Mrs. Dale, reading our NEW STATESMAN & NATION. So far from living the life of luxury suggested by your correspondent Mr. Walkden, most of us are thrifty; some, mainly elderly ladies, live on little else but their pride, their principles, and their past. We economise to send our children to "good" schools; we think that a good education will be worth more to them than television and 10*s.* a week pocket-money. If this convicts us of snobbery, then it is a conviction from which a number of Left-wing politicians cannot be exempted either.

We are not entirely insensitive to criticism. We have, after all, provided a good deal of the strength and leadership of Socialism. We may grumble at the Welfare State, but we have not refused to pay for it. And has any other social group in history assisted so mildly at its own demotion and impoverishment? We know that "suburban" is a superlative of contempt. Sometimes we move to W.C.1, to avoid the taint of it; but we still show our obsession by writing in savage terms of our early environment.

Were I writing from the opposite point of view, which would be much more fun, I might mention some hideous facts Mr. Duerden has left out—*e.g.*, our little girls tend to be obsessed with ponies and dream daydreams in which they are the adored young mistresses of faithful white-headed butlers; our little boys say "Gosh!" instead of "Blimey!"; we have a Tudor Television Shoppe with thatched roof. Most of all we lack or conceal that warm community spirit that makes an East End street a family concern; *our* Coronation trimmings were shy, shame-faced, individualistic.

Yet all this makes for variety. The average suburb contains an exceptional mixture of occupations, cultures and outlooks—far more, at least, than the typical proletarian area. Anyway, generalisations on character show only the bias of the speaker. A photograph taken from the top of Nelson's Column will be interesting, not for the truth of the picture, but for the angle of vision. Where the writer is a great personality—a Pope or a Shaw—prejudice may be exciting. But merely destructive writing is sterile. A coherent society can hardly be founded on mutual contempt and neo-puritanical scorn. Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more Whist Drives in the Parish Hall?

MARGARET HIGGINSON

Sutton, Surrey.

MOROCCAN NATIONALISM

SIR,—Mr. Werth repeats the old Residence-inspired fable that the Moroccan leaders are "much less experienced" than those in Tunisia. Can he provide one single proof (not surmise) to prove his statement? If that statement were true, Balafrej, the Secretary of the Istiqlal, would not be regarded at the U.N. and in Washington as one of the wisest and most level-headed leaders the oriental world can boast at present.

When Mr. Werth states that the Moroccan nationalists no longer "believe much in American support" he says the exact opposite of what is true. Not only have the nationalists recently doubled the circulation of their regular periodical in New York but have added to it an important monthly review which has instantly met with a spectacular success. From intimate personal knowledge I can assure Mr. Werth that the nationalists are putting their trust more and more in the Americans.

Equally unfounded is Mr. Werth's statement that the Sultan and the nationalists believe that it has been "a mistake to bring the question of Morocco before U.N." Everything that has happened since December only confirms that they are more than ever determined to go on airing that question before the U.N.

Even the existence of "thousands of French Mauriacs" will not dispel Moroccan suspicions of French policies. Incidentally those thousands exist already. For the ranks of Mauriac and his Catholic friends have been greatly strengthened only last week by the formation of the new Comité France-Maghreb, among whose members are Frenchmen of the prominence of a General Catroux, Georges Duhamel, Sartre, Louis Massignon, Francois Mitterand, Albert Camus, etc. Though the Moroccans are of course pleased that at last the iniquity of the Protectorate regime should be recognised in France, they no longer place their trust in French support, from whatever source, but rather in that of friends with less selfish vested interests in Morocco. ROM LANDAU

Barnstaple.

THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

SIR,—Although Angus Wilson in his article "Throughout the Country" does not refer by name to the Essex Town in which he spent Coronation Day, readers like myself who live there will not fail to recognise where he was. I, too, was present at the firework display, for which the townspeople can thank certain masters and senior boys of that very school to which Angus Wilson refers so unkindly. For some hours that rainy day, when most people were enjoying television or the wireless in the dry and comfort of their homes, these masters and boys, who were entitled to a holiday, dug holes, erected poles for the set pieces and worked in the wet and mud preparing for the firework display—all for the benefit of the "bubonic" townspeople! The masters were there again at night to let off the fireworks.

In rendering this service, the school associated itself with the life of the town in a manner which is almost a tradition with the school.

By keeping the scholars together "to observe the pyrotechnics" the headmaster did what I imagine any sensible person would have done having the care and responsibility of about 200 boys and girls between the ages of 11 and 18 years. Of course, the townspeople did not object—they are not so narrow-minded. H. C. STACEY,

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This embryo stage in the extraordinary career of Mr. Wodehouse is relevant to all he has done since. His loyalty to the standards of the society he is describing is unbounded, but not quite uncritical. He brought down upon himself indignant protests for uttering the heresy that the average public-school boy rather suspects that his XV or XI will be beaten by its traditional rivals and does not much care—reserving fierce and genuine competition for house matches. Mr. Wodehouse even hinted at darker goings on. A senior in *A Prefect's Uncle* warns a junior against the "beast with a green complexion and an oily smile," who "comes up and calls you 'old cha-ap' and wants you to swear eternal friendship." The junior is bidden, in the tone of an old-fashioned Confirmation tract, to "tell him it's not good enough—squash him."

Experiments in verbal fooling, some of them successful, are to be found in these school stories, and their descriptive passages vividly convey a vanished atmosphere and make them among the best of their kind. There is no better public-school story, except the primeval Tom Brown, than Mr. Wodehouse's *Mike*. Two of the sides of Mr. Wodehouse's genius, which were later to make his name with adult readers, appeared in his *Captain* days. He created Psmith and small boys made a cult of that endearingly loquacious old Etonian, tried to imitate him in the class room and paid the physical penalty of six of the best. The other hint of things to come was derived from Edwardian visits to America where the quick ear of Mr. Wodehouse heard Bowery slang and introduced his version of it, still through *The Captain*, into an English preparatory school. As early as 1904 he sought to break new ground, but the Ukridge he then produced was not a best seller and had to be rewritten some fifteen years later.

Until the first war (which found Mr. Wodehouse at the age of thirty-three) he was better known, as a story-teller for adults and as a musical comedy librettist, in America than in Britain. Then, in 1916, he wrote the first of the Jeeves stories. Bertie Wooster, who was Gilbert the Filbert, taken from the stage and put into print, was thus born in the year of the Battle of the Somme. Gilbert and Bertie had, as "nuts," carried, through the decade after the death of Victoria, a tradition that stretched back beyond Lord Dundreary and the mashers to the macaronis. They died on the Somme and, ever since, Mr. Wodehouse has gaily been singing their swan song. A sense of creative power must have come upon him as he resurrected Wooster from the ashes of the battlefield. His output became prodigious. His appetite, like that of his readers, grew with eating. From time to time, he once remarked, "I would feel the Blanding Castle craving creep over me, but I had the manhood to content myself with a small dose." The Saga Habit got him in the end and, in his own words, "once a man who could take it or leave it alone, I had become an addict." So had a huge and eminent public on both sides of the Atlantic.

The once schoolboy cult grew and grew until 1939. Mr. Belloc called Mr. Wodehouse the best living writer of English. Mr. Priestley called him superb. Sir Compton Mackenzie remarked that he was beginning to exhaust the superlatives of his critics. *Punch* observed that to criticise him was like taking a spade to a soufflé. Correspondents, learned and facetious, argued with a wealth of quotation, hitherto reserved for Sherlock Holmes and Trollope, about the evidence for and against Bertie Wooster having a receding chin. Mr. Wodehouse joined in with the official statement that Bertie's chin is "undoubtedly opisthognathous." The Public Orator at Oxford asked, not very aptly, when the Vice-Chancellor was admitting Mr. Wodehouse to a D.Litt., *"Petroniumne dicam an Terentium nostrum?"* But the Public Orator made amends by working Bertie and Jeeves, Mulliner and Lord Emsworth, Psmith, the Honourable Augustus Fink-Nottle and the Empress of Blandings into Latin verses.

That apotheosis was in 1939. Soon a witch hunt had started, provoked by Mr. Wodehouse's broadcasts from Germany. As an essay in detachment, they were magnificent. But they were not war, and some at least of their author's fans feared that the experience would have knocked the nonsense out of him. It did nothing of the sort. Bertie survived D-Day as he had survived the Somme. The only sign to be found in the books since the war that time has marched on is that, here and there, a date has changed, a gag been brought up to date. Gregory Peck, Betty Grable and even Gatsby are mentioned. An aunt has her ankle tickled and says that such a thing has not happened to her since the York and Ainsty Hunt Ball of 1921. Thirty years ago she would have said the ball of '91; otherwise she and her fellow troupers in the musical comedy cast might still be riding in hansoms.

Only once has Mr. Wodehouse publicly lost his temper, and that was when, in the Thirties, he went to Hollywood at an enormous fee and was given little or nothing to do. That struck at the core of the professional artist in him and there was an unwonted savagery of satire in his secret history of Hollywood as it is "whispered over the frosted malted milk when the boys get together in the Commissary." Messrs. Levitsky and Schnellenhammer of the Perfecto-Zitzbaum Corporation fell far below the genial and gentlemanly standards of the "Guvnor" and the Gaiety, *consule Ed. Sept.* Based thus on a static scenario, Mr. Wodehouse has made his comic spirit timeless and carried it to perfection. As Lamb argued that the Restoration dramatists were not smutty but rather movers in an a-moral fairyland, so Mr. Wodehouse is, in essence, outside period. His young men of the Drones Club, although one of them laments that he is "twenty-bally-six and no getting away from it," are teen-agers—as is their creator. They regard women with suspicion, as being spoil-sports in middle age and an incitement to goofy sentimentality in youth. At her best, a girl has the virtues of a plucky scrum half; the moment she gets too lovely and too feminine, there is liable to be trouble ahead for a Drone. The attitude to "S.A." is summed up in Madeline Bassett who was (or rather is—all Mr. Wodehouse's characters stand still in time) "undeniably of an attractive exterior—slim, *svelte*, if that's the word, and beautifully equipped with golden hair and all the fixings."

Mr. Wodehouse knows what he is about in working, through more than two generations, within the same strictly confined conventions. They allow him full play to exploit a natural genius for farcical plot and situation, for comic character and for foolery with words. The gap between a writer who wins a smile and one who is worth a burst of uncontrollable laughter has been leapt time and time again by Mr. Wodehouse. The feat is hard to analyse, but it is as easily recognisable as is the skill of a juggler who can keep six balls in the air at once. There is no half-way house in juggling; it is either a *tour de force* or a flop. Had not Mr. Wodehouse been apparently impervious, since he left school, to the impact of the outside world, he must have lost heart. This resilient toughness in him is the æsthetic marvel of the age.

Even at the height of his reputation between the wars, he was something of a mystery to the curious in Britain. He never spread himself at literary parties. Glimpses of him showed a sturdy, friendly figure that might have been on holiday from presiding over the Upper Fourth. An enviable library in a Mayfair house gave a clue to what lay behind the infinitely deft tricks of style and the delicious jazzing of quotations. That half-hint of gravity is tantalisingly always there, just audible as an undertone to the sometimes almost mechanical perfection of the humour. Bertie and his friends score direct hits with bread pellets on the cold table in the coffee room at the Drones, and gambol, in uninhibited musical comedy style, in great houses. They are intent on seeing life, as it was to be seen from the stalls when the orchestra has struck up the latest song hit, but, as Mr. Wodehouse once reminded them, "on the other hand, there is an aunt in the background equally intent and determined that they shall see reason." A girl, from whom Bertie made one of his many narrow escapes, said to him: "There's a sort of woolly-headed duckiness

**The Inimitable Jeeves, Big Money, Right Ho Jeeves, Leave it to Psmith, The Code of the Woosters.* By P. G. WODEHOUSE. *Penguin Books.* 2s. each.

about you." So there is, and so readers would always have him be—but is this the ultimate view of Mr. Wodehouse? Is he not, perhaps, an aunt in disguise? If the mask were stripped from that face, with its blandly unfading smile of half a century's standing, would there be revealed the features of Jeeves?

Jeeves, as the current jargon of criticism puts it, is "important." He is eternal, not a valet, a gentleman's gentleman, but the incarnation of our elders who always win in the long run. Scratch Jeeves, and you will find the housemasters of Mr. Wodehouse's youth. Nothing ruffles them. They are never shocked. Their culture is such that they are able, from the ringing of the bell that summons to before-breakfast prep., smoothly to patronise their young barbarians. They know the boys rely on them, and cannot do without them. They know, too, that the boys know that they have a shrewd eye to the main chance. The class is putty in their hands—and rather likes it. But they give a perpetual uneasy feeling that the fun will not last for ever.

"Who was the poet chappie?" Bertie may be imagined asking Jeeves, "who hoped to feast till morning, and then the clock struck twelve and there was a knock on the door?"

"Mr. James Elroy Flecker," Jeeves replies, "a contemporary, younger by three years, of Mr Pelham Grenville Wodehouse. He referred in the poem to which you allude, sir, to a 'shining, tall and cold Authority,' that took his hand and he was led away."

Will the clock ever strike twelve for Bertie Wooster? Will that shining, tall and cold Authority ever take him by the hand? Evidently not yet, for the Penguins have just found him a nest and, as he might well say—for he is no fool—the Penguin is a downy bird, knowing in the ways of best-sellers.

A. P. RYAN

Six Poems

THE QUEEN OF SCOTLAND'S REPLY TO A REPROOF FROM JOHN KNOX

Said the bitter Man of Thorns to me, the white
Rose-Tree:
"That wonted love of yours is but an ass's bray—
The beast who called to beast,
And kicked the world away!"
(All the wisdom of great Solomon
Held in an ass's bray.)

When body to body, soul to soul
Were bare in the fire of night
As body to grave, as spirit to Heaven or Hell,
What did we say?
"Ah, too soon we shall be air—
No pleasure, anguish, will be possible.
Hold back the day!"
For in this moment of the ass-furred night
You called the hour of the Beast, was born
All the wisdom of great Solomon
From the despised clay!
All the wisdom of Solomon
Held in an ass's bray.

EDITH SITWELL

THE TIGER

Ay, in the bairntime o the year . . .
no tae be ate, but made at hame . . .
his tail saltit, claws pared,
tae be stawed in a cage an tamed; exploitit
bi ilka bairker in the traid.

There, tae this day, he dozes on
teased by the simmer's glitteran flees.
Moth-eaten, wearie . . a pastime for bairns,
a kin o curiositie
tae while awa an eftirnuin.

Whit dreams maun brek his dozin whiles,
eftir he's wolfed his horse-flesh doun,
in days o mair nor ordnar heat!
Dreams o his braw airly days
whan forests shuddered at his tread.

Days whan, gaein doun a street,
a saw wad be left hauf thro the log
the huir forget tae claim her tee
her customer tae rin awa
whan thieves wad stop rinnin policemen chasin
dollars wad lie on the trays unchanged
lame legs wad walk blin een see
the very daid rise up at his voice an
syne peel aff the channersome grave!

Ay, then nae maitter whaur he gaed
money-lenders slunk awa
law-sharks fairly gnashed their teeth
the blin mous wer cleansed
an the auld men plottit for his life.

But noo he gans an unco gait,
consortin wi mair pooerfu freends . .
the wolf the boar the anaconda
eaters o human flesh Medea
self-righteous unhorrifeed Thyestes.

An noo he is auld an mealie-moued
stuck in some smelly neuk o the zoo
his voice, whan he croaks, is Caiaphas's.

TOM SCOTT

THE NORTHERN ISLANDS

In favoured summers
These islands have the sun all to themselves
And light a toy to play with, weeks on end.
The empty sky and waters are a shell
Endlessly turning, turning the wheel of light,
While the tranced waves run wavering up the sand.
The beasts sleep when they can, midnight or midday,
Slumbering on into unending brightness.
The green, green fields give too much, are too rank
With beautiful beasts for breeding or for slaughter.
The horses, glorious useless race, are leaving.
Have the old ways left with them, and the faith,
Lost in this dream too comfortable and goodly
To make room for a blessing? Where can it fall?
The old ways change in the turning, turning light,
Taking and giving life to life from life.

EDWIN MUIR

NOTHING IS LOST

Nothing is lost.
We are too sad to know that, or too blind;
Only in visited moments do we understand.
It is not that the dead return—
They are about us always, though unguessed.

This pencilled Latin verse
You dying wrote me, ten years past and more,
Brings you as much alive to me as the self you wrote it for,
Beloved, as I read your words
With no word but Alas.

Lines in a letter, lines in a face
Transmit unbroken life: the boy has written
His father across his forehead, and as we burn
Our bodies up each seven years,
His own past self has left no plainer trace.

Nothing dies.
The cells pass on their secrets, we betray them
Unknowingly: in a freckle, in the way
We walk, recall some ancestor,
And Adam in the colour of our eyes.

And on the face of the new born,
Before the soul has taken full possession,
There pass, as over a screen, in succession
The images of other beings;
Face after face looks out, and then is gone.

Nothing is lost, for all in love survive.
I lay my cheek against his sleeping limbs
To feel if he is warm, and touch in him
Those children whom no shawl could warm,
No arms, no grief, no longing could revive.

Thus what we see, or know,
Is only a tiny portion at the best
Of the life in which we share; an iceberg's crest
Our sunlit present, our partial sense,
And deep-supporting multitudes below.

ANNE RIDLER

SIROCCO AT DEYÁ

(for Will Price)

How most unnatural-seeming, yet how proper:
The sea like a cat with fur rubbed the wrong way,
As the sirocco with its furnace flavour
Dashes at full tilt around the village
["From every-which-a-way, hot as a two-buck pistol,"]
Stripping green olives from the blown-back boughs,
Scorching the roses, blowing sand in the eyes;
While slanderous tongues in the small cafés
And in the tightly-shuttered granite houses
Clack defamation, incite and invite
Knives to consummate their near-murders. . . .
Look up, a great grey cloud broods nonchalant
On the mountain top nine hundred feet above us,
Motionless and turgid, blotting out the sun,
And from it sneers a supercilious Devil:
"Mere local wind: no messenger of mine."

ROBERT GRAVES

THE GARDEN PARTY

Above a stretch of still unravaged weald
In our Black Country, in a cedar-shade,
I found shared out in tennis-courts, a field
Where children of the local magnates played.

And I grew envious of their moneyed ease
In Scott Fitzgerald's unembarrassed vein.
Let prigs, I thought, fool others as they please,
I only wish I had my time again.

To crown a situation as contrived
As any in *The Beautiful and Damned*,
The phantom of my earliest love arrived.
(I shook absurdly as I shook her hand.)

As dusk drew in on cultivated cries,
Faces hung pearls upon a cedar-bough;
And gin could blur the glitter of her eyes,
But it's too late to learn to tango now.

My father, of a more submissive school,
Remarks the rich themselves are always sad.
There is that sort of equalising rule;
But theirs is all the youth we might have had.

DONALD DAVIE

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ON FORTY POUNDS ?

Green Gold and Granite. By WENDY HALL. *Max Parrish.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Normandy and Brittany. By RALPH DUTTON. *Batsford.* 18*s.*

The Heart of Norway. By FRANK NOEL STAGG. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

French Life and Landscape. Vol. Two: Southern France. By ALFRED FIRTH. *Elek* 18*s.*

Italy on Borrowed Time. By HENRY GIBBS. *Jarrolds.* 15*s.*

The test of a good travel book is, I suppose, that it should decide one instantly to down tools, hurl the office files in Mr. Bagshaw's face, pack one's traps, tuck a little extra currency into one's boot, and be off. In this respect, books about France start with a clear advantage, and here they must be sandwiched between matter of less attraction.

One can only speak as one finds, and I cannot pretend that Wendy Hall's *Green Gold and Granite* has given me any wish to hasten to Finland, great country though it be. The photographs are somewhat sad and austere and include a portrait bust in granite, a textile factory, and a bearded peasant "rocking to the rhythm of his kantele," a sort of harp made originally of pike-bones. Does your heart sink as deep as mine at the mention of the word 'rune?' Miss Hall has much to tell us of "the great primeval minstrel" Väinämöinen, of Ilmarinen's wooing of the Maid of Pohja, of Ukko, and of the fiftieth rune, part of which apparently goes :

> O thou good horse, breathe upon me,
> O thou draught-foal, snort upon me,
> Breathe thou a vapour bath around me,
> Send thou warmth throughout the bathroom.

A description of life on a farm is not unlike the *ménage* Starkadder itself, with Marjatta up at 5 and cleaning out the *shippen*, removing the dung to the fields, washing the cows, sending the churns to the Co-operative dairy, and then settling down in the kitchen to "a great pan of rye porridge" to which *sill* (herring in brine) and vinegar-soused beetroot may be added if desired. Something nasty in the woodshed turns out to be the Saturday night communal *bain vapeur*, or *sauna*, in which the participants slash each other with whisks of birch leaves in a temperature of 200° F. The general effect of this conscientious book is lowering.

The many delighted readers of *The Land of France* will know what excellence to expect from Ralph Dutton's new French volume, *Normandy and Brittany*, and they will find it there. It is embellished with many stunning photographs (even the hackneyed Mont St. Michel takes on a New Look) and tedious learning has been banished. It is enriched by personal enthusiasms, the author being as pleased with Madame Poulard's omelettes as with the fifteenth-century glass in Quimper Cathedral and as impressed by a spring morning on the banks of the Orne as by the sight of the Louis XV pavilion in which Flaubert wrote *Madame Bovary*. It is an admirably written book, and a tantalising one, jabbing us yet again with the wretched inadequacy of our forty pounds.

The Heart of Norway is a history of the central provinces, and is, as one can well understand, "the first book written in English tracing the enthralling history of Central Norway." Enthralling is hardly the word for the arid chunks of history that follow (arid through no fault of the author). Here is a sample :

> Rein is one of the districts of Trøndelag that is richest in tradition. Here Harald Fairhair was reconciled to his rebellious son Halvdan, and it was to Rein that Skule Kongsfostre—son of Earl Tosti of England—came when he fled his native land after Harald Hardraade's defeat at Stamford-bridge, near York (1066). Skule's great-grandson was Baard of Rein, who married Sverre's sister Cecilia, and their son was King Inge II Baardsson.

There is, I fear, something comical to an English ear in some of the names involved—Sigrid of Egge, Archibald Borthwick, Bishop Bugge (involved in the herring famine), Archbishop Guttorm (a stickler for the "ordeal by fire"), Ulrik F. Gyldenlove, and Klippfisk, which is a better method of preserving fish than ever Stokkfisk was. ("My dear, when Harald said he was bringing Jorgen, Ove and Sigurd back to supper, I didn't know which way to turn. However, I popped down to Inderdalshytta and got one of the big, family-size KLIPPFISK").

The second volume in the *French Life and Landscape* series deals with Southern France, Mr. Firth covering fully many aspects of this enchanting region. Is there perhaps a pinch too much information for comfort? The French Alps send the author darting back to the Hercynian convulsions following the carboniferous period, while the Pyrenees take us to the Jurassic period which "buckled them all along their axis." However, at last one learns what a *cwm* is, if not how to pronounce this modish word, and there are many fine photographs. The style is rich (the Esterel beyond Saint-Raphael "charges the sea ; gashed with a myriad wounds, its blood-red flank thrusts the turquoise sea violently back") and the approach occasionally rather out of date, with its references to the "jaded millionaires" and "naughty cabarets" of Nice ; it is as though one were being warned that the *monde chic* of London cavorts principally in and around Hammersmith Broadway.

Travelling in Italy with Henry Gibbs is an agreeable experience, if much of what he has to say will shock contented library subscribers, with their gondola-borne dreams of this magical country, out of their skins. I know no book in which important and disturbing statistics are more gracefully introduced into the text. The gondolas are there, of course, and the orange groves and the brown-red sails of Venice, but it is not with beauty that *Italy on Borrowed Time* is chiefly concerned. The author has much pungent comment to make on the Roman Catholic Church, the parlous economic conditions and Communism. Before the war, this kind of book was sometimes called Whither Italy? Mr. Gibbs does not give us a precise answer but his stimulating book will make us think and, perhaps, provide the answer for ourselves. It may not be a happy one.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

TRUNDLING THE BALL

All on a Summer's Day. By MARGARET HUGHES. *Stanley Paul.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Book of Cricket Verse. Edited by GERALD BRODRIBB. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Cricket. By JOHN ARLOTT. *Burke.* 21*s.*

Bumper. By KEITH MILLER and R. S. WHITINGTON. *Latimer House.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Len Hutton. By LAURENCE KITCHIN. *Phoenix House.* 5*s.*

Talking of Cricket. By IAN PEEBLES. *Museum Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Book of Cricket. By DENZIL BATCHELOR. *Collins.* 42*s.*

"Ours was a very ordinary family," writes Miss Hughes. "My three brothers and I played cricket on Hampstead Heath, climbed the trees, sailed our boats on the Leg-of-Mutton Pond, and flew paper aeroplanes during the Schneider Cup Trophy Race. We read the *Magnet*, the *Gem*, and the *Champion*—no girls' papers for me then—and fought for these weekly issues as they clattered through the letter-box." Miss Hughes's father hoped for his own cricket team of sons ; instead, the sequence of boys was broken by a somewhat unusual daughter. For while the sons have made no conspicuous impression on the cricket scene, the daughter, who has watched every day's play in each of the seven cricket seasons since the war, has now written the first book on first-class cricket by a woman. What's more, it is an extremely intelligent book, enthusiastic, critical, setting cricket against the background of its time. It is also a fanatic's book, with batting charts, sharply detailed images resulting from close, analytical attention and creative sympathy, and a host of arresting phrases showing both shrewd psychology and the nervous tension that is the constant companion of the partisan supporter. Miss Hughes, a supporter of Middlesex first and last, conveys the excitement of cricket more than any writer I know. Her style, despite its flashes, still needs tightening up, but all the same if any newspaper were sufficiently perceptive to snap her up, she would be a welcome addition to the press-box—where fanatical interest and a feeling for the occasion, in a cricket, not a sensational sense, are rare enough to be prized.

The only woman contributor to *The Book of Cricket Verse* is rather surprisingly Wilhelmina Stitch, though, except as an exponent of leg-theory, it is difficult to see why she is there at all. '"Life is a game of cricket," thus he said. "We want the turf as smooth as it can be. Remove all weeds—how quickly do they spread." Thus he expounded his philosophy' and so on. Fortunately not too much of Mr. Brodribb's hard, scholarly labours have been spent on this sort of stuff. There is pathetically little real poetry, though what there is is unusual and good. Amongst the professional poets the index reveals Tennyson, Byron, Chapman, Cowper, Hood, Housman, Keats, Blunden, Sassoon, Francis Thompson, and Norman Nicholson—not at all a bad XI. There is a charming poem by Herrick, beginning

> At Stool-ball, Lucia, let us play,
> For Sugar-cakes and Wine
> Or for a Tansie let us pay,
> The loss or thine, or mine.
>
> If thou, my Deere, a winner be
> A trundling of the Ball,
> The wager thou shalt have, and me,
> And my misfortunes all.

Chapman's ingenious and up-to-date rendering of Nausicaa's informal beach game in Book VI of the Odyssey finds what the editor calls an "illegitimate" place :

> . . . . Having dined, Nausicaa
> With other virgins did at stool-ball play,
> Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.
> Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory,
> The liking stroke strook, singing first a song. . . .

and there are many good pieces of light verse, nostalgic, farcical and critical. I liked especially George McWilliam's *Epitaph :*

> As in life so in death lies a bat of renown,
> Slain by a lorry (three ton) ;
> His innings is over, his bat is laid down :
> To the end a poor judge of a run.

Mr. Brodribb might well have widened his scope to include Kenneth Allott's succinct poem on a photograph of a village cricket team, and he certainly should have used John Arlott's *Cricket at Worcester*, a cricket *poem* if there ever was one. But he has done a good pioneer job, and his own commentary on cricket epics and incidental references in literature is amongst the best things in an uncommonly well-produced book.

Mr. Arlott's *Cricket*, with five exquisite colour plates, is also a most elegant production. This is more or less the prose counterpart to Mr. Brodribb's anthology, scissors-and-paste work at its very best. Mr. Arlott's scrapbook, which contains a considerable amount of unfamiliar material, traces cricket's history from the Age of Scandal to the present day. It is written with style and relish, quite one of the most entertaining things Mr. Arlott has done. A typical 18th century quotation is taken from the *Penny London Morning Advertiser :*

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ship comes pertinently to bear on the recent South African tour of Australia, Bradman, Bumpers, and this summer's Tests. Mr. Whittington is refreshingly outspoken in a genre that is more notable for non-committal fine writing or ill-phrased sneers than for penetrative analysis. His essay "The Cheetham Crusade" is a model of its kind, for he sees cricketers as men in human situations where character plays a part and where technique is transparent. Moreover, he does not write about cricket as though it takes place in a vacuum.

Mr. Laurence Kitchin, too, takes great pains with the social background, and half of his short biography of Hutton is rewardingly spent in tracing Hutton's cricketing ancestry and in showing the various local forces that combined to make the Yorkshire team what it was when Hutton joined it. "It seems a necessary preliminary," he writes, "because Hutton is one of those persons who carry their background about with them." Mr. Kitchin's book, one of the *Cricketing Lives* series that has set a standard for contemporary sports writing, is the happiest of achievements.

Mr. Ian Peebles's reminiscences are those of an intelligent, amusing, and once remarkable cricketer. His vintage playing years came to him incredibly young and for the briefest period, but the charm, subtlety and unpredictability have remained to give his writing a mellow and quite distinctive bouquet. He has read his own proofs abominably or else the printer consistently mistook his leg-break for a googlie.

The Book of Cricket is designed as a pageant of great cricketers. Over 300 pages of photographs, most of them full-page, show a gallery of players from Shrewsbury and Lohmann to Ramadhin and P. B. H. May. Mr. Denzil Batchelor has written a lively commentary to each, with images that for the most part catch clever likenesses but which sometimes seem quite inadequate.

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The Dreadful Hollow. By NICHOLAS BLAKE. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Ledger is Kept. By RAYMOND POSTGATE. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Death and Letters. By ELIZABETH DALY. *Hammond.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Pool. By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Dead Men's Plans. By M. G. EBERHART. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Stately Homicide. By GEORGE MILNER. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Ivory Dagger. By PATRICIA WENTWORTH. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mrs. Christie's works can never be judged by the ordinary canons of detection. For one thing, she has never allowed her genius to be trammelled by the conventional laws of probability. Indeed, her plots never thrive better than on some outrageously wild assumption. In *After the Funeral* she makes one huge demand on the reader's credulity, at which the fastidious may boggle, but which is no harder to stomach than some of the stage tricks Shakespeare indulged in. Once you allow her this measure of dramatic licence you will have no further grounds for complaint. Never has Mrs. Christie exerted her incomparable power of deception with more subtlety or to better effect. She even scatters clues bang under your nose, which you haven't an earthly chance of grasping. Unfortunately no details of the plot can be divulged: a reviewer must needs be as talented as Mrs. Christie herself to give any discreet account of it that would not be grossly misleading. Prospective readers of this superb book, however, deserve a word of warning: there is an inaccuracy in the frontispiece, which the publishers would do well to correct when reprinting.

The theme-song of *The Dreadful Hollow* appears to be *Maud* (which provides appropriate chapter-headings as well as the title), but this literary flourish need not be taken seriously: the only link between Tennyson and Nicholas Blake is the fact that in both cases an old gentleman is found dead at the bottom of a quarry. One is tempted to complete the quotation and say "I hate the dreadful hollow"; but it would not be quite true. In this poison-pen plus murder problem in Dorset, Nigel Strangeways' supercilious method of investigation appears at its worst among the unsophisticated villagers. Moreover, anyone familiar with the author's psychology will have no difficulty in spotting the criminal at first sight. Nevertheless, some of the characters are unexpectedly entertaining; and the prose is beyond reproach.

Murder by atomic isotope is not in itself more interesting than by any other poison, but it does limit the field of inquiry rather drastically within the personnel of the research station. Mr. Postgate makes up for the shortage of suspects in *The Ledger is Kept* by a lively description of home life inside the barbed-wire fence and some delightful portraits of scientific bureaucrats, with a chase after atomic spies thrown in for good measure. The book is extremely well-written and exciting, and you won't need a Geiger counter to solve the case.

Henry Gamadge, the bibliophile detective, has a trail after his own heart to follow in *Death and Letters*. Why was a harmless widow shut up by the rest of the family in a backroom of an old mansion in New York under the pretence that she was a lunatic? Was it because of an old envelope with a Victorian stamp and an English postmark that she had found among her dead husband's papers? Of course it was, for Gamadge recognised the handwriting. Miss Daly is unpretentious as a writer, but in her specialised field of bibliography she never bungles a plot nor fluffs a solution: *Death and Letters* is one of her best works to date.

At the age of 76, Mrs. Rinehart is recognised as the grand old lady of American detection; her first book appeared in 1908. *The Pool* shows that her technique is unchanged. A stranger drowned in a swimming pool, a woman terrified to death because of something that happened 20 years before, a heroine sucked ever deeper into the turmoil of events yet managing to fall soppily in love with the handsome policeman, and the same pervading atmosphere of intense excitement for no particular reason. When the time arrives to sort out the turmoil, the anti-climax comes; the details refuse to fit, the discrepancies remain unadjusted, and the criminal is seen to have acted in an unaccountable manner for the feeblest of reasons. *The Pool* would be wonderful, if only the plot could be prevailed on to work.

As a disciple of Mrs. Rinehart, Mrs. Eberhart too favours an anxious heroine in a turmoil. In *Dead Men's Plans* the lady gets engaged to one young man while loving another, and narrowly escapes being murdered for her vacillation. The turmoil arises from a family dispute over inheritance in Chicago, which leads to the main heir losing his life. The point of Chicago, of course, is the fog that rolls up there whenever killers are abroad, enabling Mrs. Eberhart to pull off her favourite trick of suspense. The solution of the crime deserves to come as a surprise; but the villain of the piece is not so well disguised as to elude the vigilant reader.

Stately Homicide, by a new writer, is to be commended for its spirited style and lifelike characters. Unfortunately the characters decide not to behave in a very lifelike manner. The scene is an English country mansion, where a lady is assassinated in melodramatic circumstances. If he wishes to succeed in detection Mr. Milner will have to be more lavish with suspects. On this occasion the murderer's identity would hardly baffle a child.

Another country house figures in *The Ivory Dagger*, where a young woman is found standing by the body of the man she was about to marry with blood on her hands and a glassy look in her eye. He was an odious man, hated by all; and you may not be surprised to learn that all his enemies visited him earlier that evening. That is the sort of situation in which Miss Wentworth revels, but not so the reader. Too many suspects are as bad as too few; they blunt the appetite, especially when they have to be crossed off one by one after reference to a complicated time-table. I admit, however, that the final choice of villain came to me as a surprise, and a pleasant one.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

DEATH'S HEADS AND EASTER EGGS

A History of Jewellery 1100-1870. By JOAN EVANS. *Faber.* 5*gns.*

Four Centuries of European Jewellery. By ERNLE BRADFORD. *Country Life.* 42*s.*

The Art of Carl Fabergé. By A. KENNETH SNOWMAN. *Faber.* 84*s.*

Now that costume has been so long and so voluminously dealt with, it is the turn of jewellery to be fondled by historians. It is a rich subject, lending itself to minute and sumptuous treatment; and since fine jewellery is beyond the reach of nearly all of us, and likely to remain so, it is one which art historians and collectors already regard exclusively as their own. They are probably right. There is sad evidence for supposing that this most intimate and human of the minor arts is already dead. It may be, indeed, "that the next century will see jewels being produced that are of no more value or account than a button or a tassel; and one of the oldest of human crafts will have been brought to an end."

All the more valuable, then, that historians of the quality of Dr. Joan Evans are studying jewellery while there is still a good deal of it "alive"; worn, that is; in use; not bequeathed and laid to rest in a museum. The creation of fine jewellery is no longer economically possible, but

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"enough jewels survive from more splendid ages to meet all the ceremonial needs of the present." (This was obvious at the Coronation; it was really quite startling to see so many hundred diamond tiaras flashing together; though I dare say most of them are not so much personal jewels nowadays as prudent investments.)

Of the several handsome volumes which have recently appeared, Dr. Evans's (as one would expect from her previous work in this field) is the most serious and complete. It is written without any concession to popular taste, and the text at first can strike one as forbidding; but this is an illusion. The poetry and human experience that lie concealed in jewels rise to the surface of her close-packed, well annotated page, and we find ourselves deep in a social history seen through the little frame of a necklace or a ring.

The devotional fervour of the Middle Ages, for instance, is nowhere more clearly seen than in the religious character of its jewels. Men as in all the finest ages of jewellery, were as well bedecked as women, and even went into battle wearing treasures that made looting really worth while. (Charles the Bold had a white rose pendant with an immense ruby looted from his tent at Grandson in 1476, and in the same battle lost a jewel set with three famous rubies, "The Three Brothers," which afterwards mysteriously appeared on Henry VIII.)

But did anyone ever enjoy jewels so much as the great princes of the Renaissance? Henry VIII had a passion for them, his daughter Elizabeth was more encrusted with precious stones than any monarch before or since. And with what triumphs of delicate sculptural beauty, what intertwining forms of gold and enamel, rose diamond, emerald, ruby and baroque pearl, the Renaissance jewellers were able to provide them! Such uninhibited magnificence could not last: the seventeenth century preferred a simpler, more careless elegance. Charles the First's favourite jewel was a single pear-pearl earring, which he wore, with noble carelessness, on the scaffold, where it was finally rescued by a faithful follower. (It has since descended to the possession of the Duke of Portland.)

The seventeenth-century passion for gardening produced some lovely naturalistic flower designs in jewellery, just as the preoccupation with death gave rise to extraordinary mourning ornaments. Skulls, skeletons and coffins were all popular, and a rich widow could be proud to wear a necklace of black ambergris "divided by nine death's heads, each set with thirteen large diamonds, and a pair of diamond death's head earrings to match." Of all periods, perhaps, the eighteenth century created jewellery most completely ravishing to the eye. The brilliant-cutting of diamonds had been newly discovered, and jewels were designed to blaze by candlelight. All is lightness and elegance; buckles, bows and sprays of flowers appear with equal charm in diamonds and foiled stones, even in paste; sham jewellery was a necessity for travel in the age of highwaymen, and the design is as lovely and the workmanship as good as in the precious pieces.

Queen Victoria took little interest in jewellery, though the nineteenth century saw the last genuine and profuse flowering of the art. Her influence was felt only in the popularity of Whitby jet for mourning; her personal idiosyncrasies, such as having a bracelet set with the first teeth of all her children, fortunately set no fashion. Cheap mass-production was already on the way, and Dr. Evans brings her survey reluctantly to an end with the year 1870.

Four Centuries of European Jewellery is not quite the equal of Dr. Evans's book, but makes a splendid supplement to it, for Mr. Ernle Bradford gives great attention to the jeweller's craft itself, to the lapidary's and the goldsmith's work, as well as providing a very readable historical survey. It contains (if only Dr. Evans had thought of this too!) a glossary, which, though less full than I should like to see it, is still a help. It is maddening not to be told the exact meaning of such words as *champlevé, carcanet, sevigné, niello,* with which the subject abounds. Dr. Evans expects one to know; Mr. Bradford is indulgent enough to explain.

They differ on another point: the value of the art or craft of Fabergé. Dr. Evans, purist and medievalist, has little use for him. He "never made a jewel in his life and only gave the most general ideas for their design: he was a great salesman, and that in his day sufficed." Mr. Bradford regards him with more respect, but it remains for Mr. Kenneth Snowman, with his princely volume, *The Art of Carl Fabergé*, to pay that most sumptuous of all toy-makers the homage which his contemporaries considered his due. This is as handsome and finely produced a book as one is likely to see. The coloured plates of the jewelled Easter eggs given by the Tsars to the Tsarinas every year from 1895 to 1917 are as rich and exquisite as the Easter eggs themselves. (One can make the comparison, for there is an exhibition of Fabergé's work at Wartski's in Regent Street, and many of his celebrated objects are to be seen there.) Nevertheless, in spite of the marvels of the Fabergé workmanship, the splendour of the materials, and the beauty of some of the designs, there is something repellent about many of his products. It is not his fault; he was a portent of his age, when standards of taste were low, and there was more money than the rich knew what to do with. I find something disagreeable about those imperial Easter eggs, encrusted with diamonds, opening at a touch to reveal their trick insides; but no doubt the Tsarinas received them as perfect emblems of chic devotion, and would have seen nothing odd about the Steel Military Egg, supported on four miniature shell cases, which was the Tsar's appropriate offering for 1916. I am made uneasy, too, by Fabergé's flower pieces. To design a simple buttercup in a glass of water, so naturalistically as almost to deceive the eye, and then execute it in well-disguised precious stones, implies a vulgarity and inverted snobbery of ostentation which spoils one's enjoyment of its virtuosity. One finishes this splendid book with some regret, feeling that if he had not lived in the Edwardian era Fabergé might well have been an artist, instead of the super-Asprey of his time.

MARGARET LANE

FISHER KINGS

Pike Fishing. By DR. W. J. TURRELL. *Seeley, Service.* 6*s.*

Roach and Dace Fishing. By EDWARD ENSON *Seeley, Service.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Fisherman's Methods and Memories. By WALTER H. BARRETT. *Seeley, Service.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Singing Reel. By MORAY MCLAREN. *Hollis & Carter.* 16*s.*

These four books exemplify the diversity of modern angling literature. Two are, as it were, advisory and factual, or nearly so; they are devoted to the business, which some may think not quite central to the true philosophic attitude, of how to catch specific fish. Dr. Turrell's *Pike Fishing* is brief, sensible and full of information on that

fell tyrant of the wat'r'y plains.

It is, in fact, extracted from *Fine Angling for Coarse Fish* in the Lonsdale Library series, so that its competence can be taken for granted. One wishes, perhaps, that the opportunity had been taken of bringing one or two minor matters up to date; for instance, the Illingworth and Spinet reels are not now among the most familiar makes, and directions for knotting "artificial gut" are redundant, and might be misleading, in an age of nylon. Mr. Enson's *Roach and Dace Fishing* is compact and informative. It, too, is a Lonsdale reprint, with a somewhat lighter tone than Dr. Turrell's. Both books have excellent and instructive illustrations.

The other two books are entirely different in tone, approach, method, and what one must call philosophy. For fishing is a pursuit which is philosophical and regenerative (as royalty, statesmen, divines, still recognize) and has, perhaps, something in common with the Mysteries of Divinity. For the fisherman is (to speak narrowly) engaging in certain archetypal rituals of great significance. By his Art Magical he is luring that primitive and magical thing, the fish, from the ever mysterious water, the matrix of life. In this attempt he is exercising means that are at once sophisticated and highly primitive; and though he is not always aware of this, the sacred nature of his rituals are observable in the Roman Catacombs, the Ravenna mosaics, and in that most charming painting by Veronese, in the Borghese at Rome: in which St. Anthony, having arrived at Rimini and found no congregation to hear his preaching, went to the cliff-top and preached to the fishes. (The fishes, as Veronese saw, responded nobly, breaking the water in their eagerness to rush towards the Saint.) And the fisherman makes use of traditions which may be of venerable antiquity, wise and foolish, sometimes both together. He is subject to superstitions, and is liable to invent heresies. His approaches to his problems are partly empirical, partly scientific; both attitudes being largely informed by faith, since there are always too many complex variables in the equations of wind, weather, light, optics, entomology, and fish psychology that he is called upon to solve.

Mr. Barrett's book is accurately described by its title, *A Fisherman's Methods and Memories*. It is, for the most part, an approach through reminiscence; intermeddled, as Spenser would say, with much practical and ingenious advice. For Mr. Barrett is an authority; to only the greatest (like Marryat and Canon Greenwell) is it given to have a trout fly named after them, and though a Barrett's Shaving Brush is perhaps a less aesthetic title than a Lunn's Particular, immortality is secured thereby. And is he not also the designer of a spinning reel and rod, of a gadget for retrieving snagged minnows, and the discoverer of the Ems river in Sweden? His methods revealed by memory are always circum-

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stantial, pleasant, readable; the records of this highly successful fisherman make most impressive reading. Mr. Barrett has been privileged, in every way: Kennet, Wye, Wylye, Blagdon, Connemara, with all manner of minor waters—it cannot be often that illness sets a man free to do so much in the pursuit of happiness.

Mr. McLaren's *A Singing Reel* is a very different matter. Its subject the publishers tell us (with more justice than is perhaps usual on a dust cover), is "happiness and the recollection of happiness." They are less than fair to Mr. McLaren, for they might have added that he is a poet too; one who has conceived his book as a unity, exquisitely sensitive to his natural surroundings, and capable of controlling his emotions into admirable prose. Mr. McLaren has all the right instincts. Fostered in India, on Kingsley's *Water Babies*, his thoughts are concerned mainly with Scotland, its burns and lochs; the almost unbearable beauty of the Western Isles; strange companionships on almost unknown waters; the excitement of exploration of the Faroes. He starts with the first sight of trout in a pool on Arran, and something of the quality of his thought and writing is here:

> I had, since the first revelation of the flitting trout shapes and above all the yellow flash of the turning fish in the burn pool, fallen in love with the whole trout species. It was love at first sight, the kind of love that had seized Des Grieux when he saw Manon Lescaut for the first time, in the streets of Rouen. And just as the unhappy tormented character knew that because his all-absorbing love was stronger than Manon's ineffable capriciousness, he would possess her to the end of his life, so I too knew that my love for these enchanting but elusive fish was stronger than their power to elude me, and would in the end triumph.

A strong sense of humour and a pleasing humility are among Mr. McLaren's numerous gifts. His work with the B.B.C. (in its less regimented days) gave him unique opportunities—aided, I suspect, by his own gift for friendship—to fish remote waters while searching for Gaelic singers and story-tellers: a synthesis which has some precedents in literature. By any standard he is a successful fisherman, yet the fact is never obtruded. We are not bored with statistics or records, though the reader can seldom cough or turn aside without loss. And again and again the reader will say "Ah, that is I." "I will stop on any journey, however urgent, to look at any sight of water whether it be a stagnant pool or a tumbling torrent." "Sometimes in such places I allow myself the fantasy of imagining that I can walk down into those depths and, while remaining myself invisible, can stumble over slippery stones and along flat mud-banks watching the life in that other world which I know exists there . . ." But one could go on quoting indefinitely. This is a book to read and treasure.

T. R. HENN

THE TIME AND THE PLACE

Middlesex. By MICHAEL ROBBINS. *Collins.* 42*s.*
A Portrait of Canterbury. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*
The Wessex Heathland. By RALPH WIGHTMAN. *Hale.* 18*s.*
Wiltshire Harvest. By H. H. BASHFORD. *Constable.* 10*s.*
Lancashire—Westmorland Highway. By JESSICA LOFTHOUSE. *Hale.* 16*s.*
Companion into Northumberland. By SYDNEY MOORHOUSE. *Methuen.* 15*s.*
The Derbyshire Dales. By NORMAN PRICE. *Warne.* 35*s.*

The county of Middlesex makes the first volume of a striking and important new work—*A New Survey of England*. The *Survey* when complete will be no less than a new historical Domesday Book—"not a single hide, nor one vintage of land, nor even an ox nor a cow nor a swine"—nor any other interests of man during the 900 years since, one must add to the astonished Saxon chronicler—that will not be set down in the envisaged multiplicity of volumes. Every county will have its book (Yorkshire three), and every town great either in the past or the present. Professor Jack Simmons is the general editor: the opening volume splendidly fulfils the high standards that he promises.

The task has been to shake down the accumulated heaps of local knowledge into a full but readable account, to trace clearly every one of the living liens between the present and the remotest past. Mr. Robbins, with his armfuls of scholarship and his deft hands, has produced such a book that after reading it one can stand anywhere in his county, and feel one's eyes slowly penetrate the contemporary scene to century after century lying behind. It is an amazing experience. History lies open, from the days of the acres of "golden puddles," left by autumn rains in the clay, that were the sign of one of the richest cornlands in England, the home of 5,000 folk; to the great surburban sprawl of today where there are still 5,000 farm-workers but also 2¼ million other people. There is no department of human activity to which Mr. Robbins fails to give a fair chapter. Hay carts trundle back from the City filled with manure; the King's hunt is pelted with pitchforks; Charles is repulsed; "new men" build canals which continue to flow until one of them delivers the G.W.R.'s first locomotive to West Drayton; Wesley chases reluctant disciples from village to village with the cry, "The gospel is come to torment them"; square miles of roof settle sluggishly over all. Meanwhile, beneath the panorama, the invisible pressures of ideas and economics are being laid bare. And Mr. Robbins does all this in a first-class "mercantile" prose, as Dr. Johnson would have said, that is still always springy, and touched with classical wit.

"There is a fact in almost every line," he pleads at the beginning, when anticipating some discoveries of error; so it would be ungracious to name the two errors (pubs that must either have changed their names or no longer exist) that I noticed in the second half of the book, an excellent alphabetical guide to Middlesex's towns and villages. (This, for example of its sensitive thoroughness, includes a map of Chiswick to show all its fine houses). And apart from facts one must not omit to mention in conclusion Mr. Robbins's constructive concern for a revival of local life in Middlesex today—where the curse is that "everybody goes to London"; nor the *florilegium* of photographs, bunched together in the middle, that are a miniature history of the county in themselves.

Mr. Robbins is brilliantly reticent; Mr. Church is continually present in his account of Canterbury—an historical miscellany rather than a history, ranging from a delightful and original evocation of the Roman scene in the city to a long recommendation of Chaucer. The style is equally uneven, flickering between whimsy and grace. In fact Mr. Church is the good guide, sensitive and well-informed, who is none the less ever so slightly a parody of the guide. Most exceptionable are his long stretches of not very skilful ecclesiastical and political background history, heavily moralised for the benefit of our drab and pagan age. This is the very antithesis of true local history, which of its essence must excite the wider historical imagination by its concentration on local details. Yet in the end, on standing back, one finds that his comparison of the book with an impressionist painting is not so inaccurate: a portrait of Canterbury has emerged.

In the other five books history is no more than anecdotal or incidental to the description of the place today. Mr. Wightman on *The Wessex Heathland* should not be read until one has heard him speaking on the radio: then his sentences, too jerkily short for the inner ear accustomed to south-eastern speech, fill out easily in his slow rich voice. And it is a voice to be heard everywhere in his matter as well as in his style. Mr. Wightman is a knowledgeable farmer and a wise country-lover, concerned always for this whole living community of man and heathland, blunt but feeling; and if the very sameness of these Dorset and Hampshire heaths makes his book somewhat repetitive, it is still as deeply personal and consequently, in his hands, as sagely authoritative as any descriptive regional book could be. The photographs again are excellent.

Between Mr. Wightman's book and the next it is a leap virtually the distance from nature to art. Sir Henry Bashford's essays on a Wiltshire village where Grey of Fallodon sometimes stayed are exactly in Grey's tradition: embodiments of the same calm pleasure, with perhaps a little less sentiment and a neater humour, and as perfect a style. If he has a theme, it is perhaps the leisureliness of Wiltshire, where he is a walker among non-walkers; and one story from his book will give its full flavour.

> The other day a colonel of my acquaintance was sauntering down a nearby lane—since his retirement to these parts, he has become acclimatised enough to saunter—when he met a man he thought he knew. They passed the time of day, and the other man pushed his cap back. "Let me see," he said, "didn't I start digging a drain outside of your greenhouse?"
>
> "You did," said the colonel, "four years ago."
>
> "Ah, I thought so," was the reply. "Well, I must come and finish it somewhen."

The northern books are barer. They all have the slightly detached air, whether grimly historical, rapturous or jolly, of a visitor's account, even though two of the authors at least appear to be natives of their counties. Miss Lofthouse strides vigorously to and fro over the Pennines, stern with history and legend—"Back to A6"! If one has the determination to keep up with her she is very good—but one flags. Mr. Moorhouse in Northumberland is a gentler companion, pointing quietly everywhere; still the fact must not be obscured that both have written guides that it would be well worth a visitor's while to take. Mr. Price's expensive volume, on the other hand, has some amusing stories but little more: they are dales of a hazy beauty that you will see through his eyes, or through the grey and green mists of his illustrator's sketches and water-colours. However, rich godmothers with an eye for the pretty will go on buying books like this—while wealth and countryside remain.

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Books in General

> He was greatly mourned at the Curragh where his cattle were well-known; and all who had taken up his bets were particularly inconsolable for his loss to society.

The quotation does not come from *The Irish R.M.*, but from the mother, or should one say the aunt, of the Anglo-Irish novel—Maria Edgeworth. The eighteenth-century note is unmistakable but so, even without the word Curragh, is the Irishness. One will never quite get to the bottom of that sentence out of *Castle Rackrent**. On the surface it is felt and good-natured. "Poor" Sir Kit, after hitting a toothpick out of his adversary's finger in a duel, received a ball in a vital part, and "was brought home in little better than an hour after the affair, speechless on a hand-barrow to my lady." A sad business; but landlords come and go; we know them by their debts; only cattle are eternal. Irish irony has been sharpened to a finer edge; it is more drastic than the corresponding irony of the English writers of the time. Sententious, secure in the collective, educated view of their class, the English ironists regard folly from the strong point of cultivated applause and moral platitude, whereas an Irishwoman, like Maria Edgeworth, has uncertainty under foot. The folly of the death of Sir Kit is only equalled by the absurdity of the mourning; beyond both lies the hopeless disaster of the state of "the unfortunate country."

Behind an ironist like Fielding is assurance, courage and complacency; behind Maria Edgeworth, and Irish irony, lie indignation, despair, the political conscience. The rights and wrongs of Irish politics come into her works by implication. We see the absentees, the rackrenters, the bought politicians, the English, Jewish, Scottish heiresses brought in to save colonial insolvency. We see the buffoon priests and the double-minded retainers. We do not see the rebellion, the boys hiding in the potato fields, but we do catch the tension. The clever, wise daughter of an enlightened father, a woman always ready to moralise about cause and effect in the neat eighteenth-century way, Maria Edgeworth was Irish enough to enjoy without shame the unreasonable climate of human temper and self-will, Irish enough to be generous about the genius for self-destruction. She was a good woman, ardent but—as Sir Walter Scott said—formidably observant, probably cool, perhaps not strong in sensibility; but she was not sentimental. Her irony—and surely this is Irish from Swift to Shaw—is the exploitation of folly by a reckless gaiety.

Castle Rackrent is the only novel of Maria Edgeworth's which can be read with sustained pleasure by the reader of today. Its verve and vivacity are as sharp as a fiddle. It catches on like a jig; if it belongs to the artless time of the English novel, it is not clogged up by old-fashioned usage. I have never read *The Absentee*, which is often praised, but I have tried *Belinda*, a picture of the London smart set, and *Ormonde*. They, too, are vivacious, but there is not much point in finding time for them. They have a minor place in the history of the novel. One can only say that she has an original observation of men and women, an unspoiled eye for types; her moralisings are at any rate free from Victorian sentimentality, but are not in themselves interesting. Is it better for affection to follow esteem, or for esteem to follow affection? How are we to keep the peace between sensitiveness and sensibility, between the natural and the frivolous heart? How do we distinguish the line where generosity becomes self-indulgence? All this is good training, no doubt; but Maria Edgeworth was at her best when she was not being explicit about it. Character for its own sake, as the work of so many women novelists has shown, was the strong subject of this kind, clear-headed, irreverent woman, who never disturbs but also rarely comes to the foregone conclusion.

Belinda is a sharp-eyed tour of the London marriage market. No woman is less deceived by other women that this unsoured spinster who adored her father, wrote handbooks on education with him, managed his estate, "got on" with his four wives and looked after his 21 children. The Edgeworths were a nation in themselves. She could draw an old rip like Lady Delacour, a matchmaker like Mrs. Stanhope pushing her débutantes, and a dangerous "metaphysical" woman like Lady Millicent in *Ormonde* with "the sweet persuasive voice and eloquent eyes—hers was a kind of exalted sentimental morality, referring everything to feeling, and to the notion of *sacrifice* . . . but to describe her notions she was very nearly unintelligible." Maria Edgeworth was the Major's daughter; the unintelligible was the unforgiveable. It was very plain to her that the Lady Millicents of this world are so exalted that they do not know right from wrong. The men are as firmly drawn as the women. *Ormonde* contains a rich portrait of one of those hospitable, sociable, gallant, warm-hearted Irishmen, the souls of courtesy, whose imagination leads them into difficulties and ends by corrupting them, until the warm heart goes stone cold and they become the familiar Irish politician who will sell himself and anybody. Such a portrait might be done flat in bitterness and satire; Miss Edgeworth works in depth, engages our sympathy for the man, makes him captivate us—as he would in life—and gradually undeceives us without melodrama or ill-nature. None of these are great characters, but they are faithful observations of character. They are a truthful gallery, as capricious as life, of the figures of a class and an age. Such—we can be certain—was the life she knew.

Her other gift as a novelist is for writing spirited dialogue. The talk of *Belinda* or *Ormonde* is always light, engaging and natural. It is that "modern" talk which goes on from generation to generation—one meets it in Jane Austen; then, after the Regency, it died out, until the modern novel revived it—and which has not been written in, like sub-headings, into the story. Maria Edgeworth owed her gift to her indifference to plot, that great torture-rack of talk in the English novel. Plot was forced on her by her father, the brilliant Major, who suffered from a rather delightful excess of confidence in his own powers; but, like Scott at the beginning of his career, Miss Edgeworth was interested only in sketching the people around her, and that is how the true gift for dialogue arises. Yet she owed something even of this to the Major, for it was he who, determined to out-Rousseau Rousseau, made his daughter write down the dialogue of his 21 children in order that it could be examined afterwards in his moral and linguistic laboratory.

Of course, she had the Irish ear for Irish expressiveness. In *Ormonde*, King Corny cries out with the gout:

> "Pray now," said he to Harry who stood beside his bed—"now that I've a moment's ease—did you ever hear of the stoics that the bookmen talk of, and can you tell me what good anyone of them got by making it a point to make no noise when they'd be punished and racked with pains of body or mind? Why I tell you all they got—all they got was no pity—who would give them pity, that did not require it? I could bleed to death in a bath, as well as the best of them, if I chose it; or chew a bullet, if I set my teeth to it, with any man in a regiment—but where's the use? Nature knows best, and she says *roar!*"

In a subtler way, she is as good in her plain passages, notably in her scenes between men and women. She hardly can be said to try a love affair, indeed one might say that she has noticed men and women pursue one another but is not sure why they do so. What she likes best is caprice, misunderstanding, the off-days of married life, flirtation: that side of love which, in short, supplies repartee and comedy, sociability or its opposite. Her people are always being interrupted and though this shows some incompetence on the novelist's part, it also allows that crisp animation or restlessness which gives her stories their unaffected drift.

There are no interruptions in *Castle Rackrent*. Thady the steward tells the tale in his plain words and with his devious mind, and he rattles off the decline and fall of the riotous Rackrents over three generations, in a 100 pages. Drink, company, debt and recalcitrant foreign wives ruined these roisterers and Thady's own son, turned lawyer, quietly collected the remnant and indirectly made it his own. At the funeral of one Rackrent, the body was nearly seized for debt:

> But the heir who attended the funeral was against that, for fear of consequences, seeing that those villains who came to serve acted under the disguise of the law; so, to be sure, the law must take its course and little gain had the creditors for their pains. First and foremost, they had the curses of the country and Sir Murtagh Rackrent, the new heir, in the next place, on account of this affront to the body refused to pay a shilling of the debts, in which he was countenanced by all best gentlemen of property and others of his acquaintance, Sir Murtagh alleging in all companies that he all along meant to pay his father's debts of honour, but the moment the law was taken from him, there was the end of the honour to be sure. It was whispered (but none but the enemies of the family believe it) that this was all a sham seizure to get quit of the debts, which he had bound himself to pay in honour. It's a long time ago, there's no saying how it was . . .

That is Defoe, but with whiskey added.

Major Edgeworth did not touch *Castle Rackrent*. He is known to have had a didactic hand in the other works and some have thought he stiffened them. Possibly. Yet his daughter owed

* *Castle Rackrent*. By MARIA EDGEWORTH. Introduction by A. NORMAN JEFFARES. *Nelson*. 4s.

her subsequent inspiration to the excitable, inventive, genial mind of the masterful eccentric and amateur. *Castle Rackrent* was the first attempt to present the history of a family over several generations as a subject in itself. It marks a small step in the expansion of the novel. Where the Major's influence is most felt is in the remarkable range of his daughter's work. Ireland is only one of her scenes. English society, Parisian society, are done with the same natural touch. Her work was a triumph for the Major's revolutionary system of free education. Not a patch on Fanny Burney or Jane Austen, no doubt; the minds of father and daughter were too much dispersed by practical and inventive attention to the good, rational life. Scott thought Edgeworthstown a domestic paradise and possibly noted it was an Abbotsford 150 years old without the worry and the expense. Abbotsford meant absurdity, obsession, and imagination; Edgeworthstown meant enlightenment. In the last count, the good life does not produce the great novelists.

V. S. PRITCHETT

CHINA

Daybreak in China. By BASIL DAVIDSON. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Davidson had a trip to China last year, and has written a convincing account of it in about 70,000 words. The main thing he brings out is the enthusiasm he found, as he went north and south, in a great variety of Chinese, an enthusiasm which comes from feeling that fundamental obstacles have been removed; everything is still difficult, but one can go ahead at some co-operative enterprise and feel that results are being obtained all around, at one's own job and other people's. Whether the Chinese will get disillusioned later on is another question, and, of course, a proportion are disgruntled now, but very many of them feel that obviously needed things are at last getting done by massive co-operation. To believe that a serious proportion in China want to get rid of their present Government would be deluding oneself; a statesman ought to be able to recognise this kind of strength when he sees it.

In reading a book meant chiefly to affect current opinion one must consider what resistance it is likely to excite. Mr. Davidson is the more convincing because he agrees that cruelty probably did beget cruelty during the military struggle, in various parts of the country; he only claims that he found no signs of Terror last year, and that he has had enough experience elsewhere to recognise them if they were present. He also argues for the inherent likeliness of what he reports; any Government in such a position would need to get general willingness for increased production, therefore would have to make most peasants' taxes lower than their old rents and even let many fairly large business men do better than before: and such a rapid improvement was possible because things had been so bad before. This part seems to me convincing. The reader is more likely to have doubts about the General Confession movement of last year—how much harm had that done? Mr. Davidson says of a remark he reports by a Chinese that the reader may feel it as "cheaply revivalist" (p. 128), but that when hearing it on the spot he could tell it was sincere. The position is rather harder than that, because a reader may sometimes feel the same about some of Mr. Davidson's own remarks.

I have recently come back from five years at Peking National University, not really seeing much but hearing plenty of talk, and I feel it to be very hard to discuss in England; whenever I talk about it I feel sure, especially next morning, that I said something false. This, of course, is because the set-up is so different (not, I think, because of any racial mental difference). What the questioner chiefly wants to know is whether mental life or intellectual freedom is being suppressed. It strikes me as impressive now, though it didn't at the time, that nobody, to my knowledge, got sacked from the Peking University staffs at all, not even in the clean-up of '52, let alone in the take-over at the end of '49. Of course, the clean-up was severe, a nation-wide process of nagging, not by officials but by your own colleagues, in very prolonged committee meetings. As to how it would have worked out in England, I willingly accept the refusal of my imagination; but it does seem clear that the Chinese work-out was different from anything corresponding to it in Eastern Europe.

I agree with Mr. Davidson that it was not a Terror, at any rate not in Peking. Darker penalties than nagging seemed to be very rare, even after the confession of large embezzlements of public money. We had a rather varied Chinese acquaintance, and they did not think they were under a Terror. (I am not speaking of suspicion against foreigners, a different thing.) One did hear reported a certain amount of dramatic overstatement in confessions by Chinese literary men returned from (say) England, but there it is reasonable to compare the thing to a Revivalist Movement; what is essential to the man at the moment is to establish his solidarity and sincerity; his background opinions are less permanently affected. Indeed, from what one can gather, the Chinese always did go on like this, when in periods of strong national crisis-feeling; even the suicides which we heard of among Tientsin business Chinese would traditionally be from honour rather than from fear. I felt sure the confessions were true when they got down to money, and so would the British business old hand in China, who has been saying for generations that the Chinese always squeeze each other; he can't be incredulous if the Chinese now say so too, and say they are sick of it. But this is not the question of freedom of thought, and I left just after that had first really come out into the open. Chinese intellectuals have long seemed to me very sturdy characters, not likely to collapse (though rightly affected by current sentiment); and their Government needs them not to collapse. I thought that China might again become too rigid in mind, but was only likely to do so now if squeezed too hard from outside.

I feel that Mr. Davidson ought to have brought up the population problem, which, according to many experts, is enough to prove that the enthusiasm he describes is certain to fail. The refusal even to recognise this subject in public has long seemed to me an obvious weakness in the Communist position. (The nearest we get to it in this book is a remark reported from Mao that one needs at least three times as many people in Tibet.) After inducing a certain amount of discussion of it in Peking, I think the Chinese are right in believing they have at least a generation in hand. Apart from the development of remote marginal land, perhaps chiefly of political importance, there is a lot of good land where you need millions of men carrying mud about before you get the water control working again and can then re-settle farmers. It sounds to us bad when they say they won't consider any population problem, but they mean that it doesn't arise in their current planning. In the same way, it seems to me that Mr. Davidson assumes too easily that collectivised farms, thoroughly mechanised, even in deep rice land, are what Chinese agriculture needs; though it is interesting to have him report that Chinese peasants cheerfully assume it too. Of course, a great deal of co-operative arrangement, small machine industry, and help from industrial chemists will be needed, but I suspect that they will have to stick to intensive hand cultivation in the main areas, just to get the most off the land; and, indeed, that England may have to take to it. But one can't say that the present Chinese Government is forcing a decision ahead of time.

When I got on the P. and O. boat from Hongkong I was much relieved to find that British opinion agreed with what little I had to say, so that I did not have any duty in front of me, when I got home, of pretending to be an expert where I am not. It does seem rather a duty, though a placid one, to speak up and say that my experience agrees with Mr. Davidson's.

WILLIAM EMPSON

ZOLA REVISITED

Emile Zola. By F. W. J. HEMMINGS. *Oxford.* 30s.

Between Flaubert and Proust there is a disquieting gap among the great French novelists. Having, prompted or deluded by his prophecy of fame towards 1880, plugged it with Stendhal, one can walk away with an easy mind until possibly, towards 1984, the dam bursts and the last critic afloat on the wastes of depersonalised literature realises too late that the right man was Zola. No such extreme claim is made in this admirable study of Zola's work and life, but it is implicit in several places and on the last page it takes the menacing shape which it must take if one honestly defines Zola's one significant contribution to the novel:

> Zola was the first writer to show a society in which the aggregate was greater than the separate unit. All through the novels of his maturity and decline runs this one fruitful and fundamental idea. It manifests itself artistically in his characteristic descriptions of crowds in which the individual founders and is lost to view; in the way his imagination was time and again captivated by huge impersonal entities, factories and mines, bazaars and markets, battlefields and railways; in his evident incapacity to isolate, explore and expound the self-sufficient character . . . (He refuses) to treat the unit as anything more than a representative splinter of its caste, class, nation, or ultimately of mankind. The outsider, the unassimilated stranger, has no place in Zola's novels; every character is a function, none is an unrelated integer.

So long as the Proust-Joyce line holds, we can regard naturalism and *unanimisme* as now historical aberrations and continue with the chief business of literature: ourselves. Novel-reading, thank God, is still a private enterprise. From that point of view, Zola's realism resulted in a world as unreal as that of science fiction and with much the same technical plausibility. The Rougon-Macquart series of twenty novels, designed by a descendant of engineers (a better clue than calling him an architect), was to tell the history of a period through the fortunes of members of a single family. A quasi-scientific theory of heredity held it together. Zola's "documentation"—the sheaves of journalistic notes he made during the few weeks or months he allowed for the preparation of each yearly novel—underpinned it. Everything was "from life," precisely observed (though Henry James could see nothing more than "an extraordinary *imitation* of observation"), but no longer alive by the time he had built it in. Part of this came from his extraordinary period reverence for the scientist-surgeon, the God in rubber gloves "who exhibits our heart to us on the operating-table." Having adopted this analogy for the writer early in his career, Zola was bound later to reject "psychology," which he looked on as an abstract product of the intellect. "No, it's stupid," says one of his characters, "It takes no account of philosophy or science."

The fact that Zola did not visualise experimental psychology to complement the experimental physiology by which he swore is typical of his schematic thinking. Everything came in layers and we have the strange spectacle of a writer who lived and wrote on two different time-scales. The depression which descended on him at forty was not exteriorised in a book until three years later. It had to wait until he finished his dissection of sex in three other novels. Conversely, Dr. Hemmings shows convincingly that his outlook was transformed a few years later by his liaison with Jeanne Rozerot. But the pessimistic *Bête Humaine* still remained to be written, and written it was to fulfil the plan, although

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BASIL BLACKWELL

Zola's moral rejuvenation had already been accomplished.

It is arguable that Zola made himself into a writing-machine by a youthful miscalculation: his imagination was in truth "poetic." Certainly it was strongly stirred by visual impressions, particularly those involving colour. These were the debauches of the eye which the abstemious writer allowed himself after his daily stint at the desk. Again, he saw objects in terms of other objects, especially more sexually exciting ones and—by extension—in terms of symbols. Since Baudelaire this type of vision has been considered as essentially poetic, though it is perhaps worth recalling that it was not always so. In Zola it remains on the surface of the senses and the mind and is manifested in swirling masses of description, each with its distinctive marker-buoy marrying "atmosphere" with symbol. It is imagination of a powerful if shallow kind. While conceding its limits, Dr. Hemmings is perfectly justified in seeing it as Zola's instinctive escape from his own formula of exact observation.

One could hardly want a better, or different, book on Zola at this particular date. With a thorough command of all the significant material, Dr. Hemmings takes us through Zola's career (a career more than a life) from his first sentimental babblings in verse to his accidental death in a bedroom with a choked stove. He outlines the writings and discusses them with penetration and a wide range of reference. He knows exactly where Zola stands today and is objective towards his faults and virtues. Plainly, he is not dissecting a dead master, for if Zola is provisionally dead as a whole, he is uncannily and even movingly alive in parts. This Dr. Hemmings assumes and demonstrates, but without hinting at more than he has to show or, perhaps, just enough more to be unobtrusively contemporary. Above all, he knows how to construct a book and is highly readable. If only more specialists possessed that art, there would be no specialist problem.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

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NO ORCHIDS

One Little Boy. By DOROTHY M. BARUCH. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Psychoanalytic Studies of the Personality. By W. RONALD D. FAIRBAIRN. *Tavistock.* 25*s.*

Primary Love and Psychoanalytic Technique. By MICHAEL BALINT. *Hogarth Press.* 30*s.*

It used to be maintained with much conviction that little boys should not be heard: *a fortiori*, one supposes, they should not have little books written about them. It was perhaps this point of view, lingering on into the Twenties, that made public discussion of childhood assume the forbiddingly abstract form which G. K. Chesterton was quick to condemn. For, as he reminded his readers, the Child is never a child; "he is a creature entirely solitary and *sui generis*; and he lives in the slums." But the Child had many advantages for a generation uneasily aware that real children are readily indelicate, and his successors, the Problem Child, the Backward Child, and (best of all) the Subcultural Child, later came to satisfy the same remote but genuine concern. Nowadays, even these have served their turn, and the demand is for children, as individual as Kenneth, the "one little boy" of whom Dr. Baruch writes.

He appears in this account as the gradually more audacious performer in a sort of psychoanalytic strip-tease. Seven years old, the second son of American parents dissatisfied with one another, Kenneth gets asthma, which the family doctor decides is due to psychological causes. When he also falls behind with his lessons, and does badly in his intelligence test, it is manifestly time to call in a psychiatrist, and Kenneth finds himself in Dr. Baruch's hands or—if we are to be precise—in Dr. Baruch's lap ("like a Great Dane puppy, knuckle-boned and gangly and yet almost soft in his helplessness"), whence he is only lured by some excessively messy paints, with which he coats himself to the elbow. His mother, not to be outdone, starts treatment herself, and is soon a star performer in the weekly Group Psychotherapy Session: while his father, though clearly feeling no special aptitude for this sort of thing, is roped in after a few chapters. The stage thus set, Kenneth and his parents, guided by their psychiatric impresario, "play out" their various and—to anyone who knows the conventions—anticipated difficulties.

It is hardly to be expected that there would be anything novel in this book: that there is so much which is frankly novelettish is a little startling. Had Ella Wheeler Wilcox been a disciple of Freud's, she might, after an overdose of Raymond Chandler, have written something rather similar. Compare, for example, her lines:

> She reached her longing arms towards space.
> And lifted up her tear-wet face.
> "O God," she wailed, "I have been bad!
> I see it all, and I am sad,
> And long to be a good girl now. . . ."

with Dr. Baruch's treatment of a similar theme:

> The taste of tears was a choking fullness in her throat. She could breathe the tear taste through the back of her nose. . . . In the bowl, the macaroni from last night was stickily congealed. She hated the stuff all stuck together, nothing clear and distinct. All gummed up, like her life. . . .

However, the peculiar intimacies of the analytic situation are not easily conveyed, and if Dr. Baruch has failed in her attempt, she can point to innumerable other popularisers, among them some psychiatrists of distinction, and a complete Balchinerie of novelists. It is to her further credit that she has judged admirably the proper length for her book. It is very short.

Turning to Dr. Fairbairn and Dr. Balint, we enter a different universe. Taken as attempts at popularisation, both books are failures: but it is, after all, only from the dust-jackets that one gleans the suggestion that they are even semi-popular in intention. The problems of personality are treated seriously, and even learnedly; here is no trace of Dr. Baruch's "tough dame" attitude to the life of the emotions. Both are made up of more-or-less technical papers, most of which have made a previous appearance in more-or-less learned journals. Both writers take for granted a Freudian reference frame; both wish to introduce within it various modifications; neither does so in a manner likely to start anything. The papers in both sets cover a period of roughly 25 years (Dr. Fairbairn's earliest, *Notes on the Religious Phantasies of a Female Patient*, dates from 1927: Dr. Balint's *Psychosexual Parallels to the Fundamental Law of Biogenetics* from 1930). On the whole, Dr. Balint has more to say, but Dr. Fairbairn a more entertaining way of saying it. That either compilation should stand the remotest chance of appealing to a non-specialist public reflects a particular stage in the development of psychoanalysis. So far, only the barest verbal equipment has been needed for its special needs, and few unmistakable technicalities exist to warn off the uninitiated. For the most part the same words that the rest of us use will do, and too often they continue to be used even when a new and different meaning is intended. Hence, there is now a large but dimly lit territory, where these two books and many like them come to rest—a territory where some see poetry, some see science, and some see nonsense; and where, for most readers, the difficulty is not primarily one of understanding, but rather of deciding whether or not we have understood.

A. D. HARRIS

WHAT THEY SAW IN MAISIE

For Whom the Cloche Tolls. By ANGUS WILSON and PHILIPPE JULLIAN. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"A Scrap-Book of the Twenties." Another! The redundancy seems both to have fascinated and to have worried the publishers, who have gone out of their way to provide something differently gay. Their scrap-book opens out extensively, being almost twice as wide as it's high, and M. Philippe Jullian's share in the collaboration is first evident. His drawings, of the crowded, spidery kind, climb up and over and round the text. Here are low waists on high bar stools, great ostrich feathers, northern night clubs and southern littorals, the Chauve Souris and Isadora Duncan and the Black Birds, long Bentleys and a long Strachey, the Charleston, the treasure hunt, the dawn-defying party. Parties, indeed, are the theme of M. Jullian's fantasia, which is elegant and grotesque with the cleverness that will make one skip gleefully through it once, not to return. Sometimes he achieves a very pretty page: his prancing Josephine Baker, with huge fan and feathered tail, is a delight. His acidities I find less appealing, and less on the spot.

But there's also—or rather chiefly—Mr. Angus Wilson's text. This takes the form of a series of letters, brief memoirs, extracts from diaries, and appearance in fiction, concerning one Maisie, recently dead. Her last jotting, at the age of 73, confides that she's off to the pictures, with Stewart Granger in view; she first appears, nearing 40, flamboyantly leading dollar trains from Hill Street: the Bright Young Thing in person. She might very well have turned out, as people's memories of her get to work, no more than a dummy to be dressed with period and satire, and the cloche on top. She's fabulous, but she comes to life, just "naturally loving" boxers, Majors, her son's best friend. She is terrible, shocking: how this Maisie would have appalled Henry James, from whom a strand of her ostrich feathers would have wrung one agonised, stuttering sentence! Mr. Wilson shares the Jamesian unspeakableness up to a point, but then the sheer exuberance of vulgarity grips him, and the deeper he plunges into binges and face-liftings, the more inextricably he is involved. In the end, when his indirect portrait (the *method*, at least, James would have approved) is completed, and the worst has all been jauntily said, Maisie positively shines. She *did* stand for life in her way. She was generous, she enjoyed herself, she brought up (or let go) children who could think of her as something not Mother, and she

embraces the youth her daughter has only teased with whole-hearted pleasure.

And as for the hostess, so for the times. There is far more envy than contempt in Mr. Wilson's harking-back. The gay, ugly, irresistible Twenties! How, in terms of frivolity, will our own Forties go down? Not so kicking and coloured, of that we may be sure. And now I must glance back over the jollities of Mr. Wilson's allusively pricking prose, to try and gauge the artfulness with which he has given substance to a diverting sketch. G. W. STONIER

THE RIGHT TO ADVENTURE

Safety Last. By COLONEL W. F. STIRLING. *Hollis & Carter.* 18*s.*

If you believe that "the right to adventure in every quarter of the globe is our Elizabethan birthright," which fate would you choose: to have been born in 1880 to the younger son of a Services family, the Stirlings of Muiravonside, or into the age of the Chindits, the conquest of Everest, and equality of opportunity to win a space cadetship? The advantages of today are many; for instance, there is more scope for those not in *Burke's Landed Gentry*. Yet Colonel Stirling, polo stick in one hand, elephant gun in the other, wearing an observer's wing of 1915 and, for secret service work, "a small armpit holster which was almost undetectable under a double breasted coat" makes out a rattling good case for the first choice.

Even though the century of highly-coloured little wars was just ending as he joined the Army, his aplomb won him postings to the least monotonous of all the available twentieth-century campaigns—to the ride that swept the Boers from the Transvaal, Allenby's advance into Palestine and Lawrence's to Damascus; at 64, too old for a parachute, he was still in the thick of trouble in Syria. Even out of uniform, excitements abound if one seeks them out; there are jobs, for instance, in Albania.

Of course a life into which a huge amount of variety is crammed has some drawbacks. For one thing it seldom makes big money. (Occasionally, but never for long, this thought lured Colonel Stirling towards steadier prospects in fruit-growing or in oil.) For another, it entails depressing troughs between the peaks of excitement. Colonel Stirling, completely honest with his reader about the hateful boredom of rush demands for rubber elephants in the stockroom of a big London store, casts no glamour upon his hard times. Instead, he livens them with serious plans for combining the patriotic altruism of Lady Houston with his own talent for midnight marches, and running an expedition to overthrow the "cruel and crooked" government of a state member of the League of Nations: "Everything was now in hand except the cash."

In all these vicissitudes a word must be said of Mrs. Stirling, whom he wooed in a hush-hush department, and whose "yes," as he touchingly records, sent him into a seventh heaven "where I have remained ever since." And no wonder. For she comes up "bursting with laughter" from a cold wetting in an Albanian torrent; she is photographed (for proof that her husband is not exaggerating) on a precipice across the face of which the path is just one inch wider than his watch strap; she changes places with him and does the earning whenever he is out of a job, and she escapes the bullets of his would-be murderers only because she is looking out the sheets for an unexpected guest.

Who will enjoy this readable book? It will disappoint those who want an analysis of Balkan politics or of Lawrence's great adventure at the head of the Arab revolt, for it is far too busy with narrative to pause for such thoughts. But for all those who suffer from fits of resentment at straphanging, adding columns or washing up, it is a guaranteed stimulant, and a far better one than strips of Super-man Garth and Captain Marvel, because it is true.

ELIZABETH MONROE

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Honour the Shrine. By FRANCIS CLIFFORD. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Name (a) any Spanish novelist other than Cervantes (b) any Portuguese poet other than Camoens (c) any Latin poet later than Juvenal (d) any Norwegian playwright earlier than Ibsen. If I score a possible in this test (time 10 seconds) I am well-read; if you score a possible it merely shows that you have survived a series of footling little adventures in *belle-lettrisme*. Have you extracted the last drop of meaning from Shakespeare, the last resonance from Homer? Are you sure you know what *Adolphe* is about? You are not: then why do we keep on meeting in Boots this way?

Or, if you like, why should we read Machado de Assis? Machado de Assis (1839-1908) is Brazil's best-known novelist, and *Epitaph of a Small Winner* clearly seeks the description of minor classic. Indeed it has the characteristics of the minor classic—charm, the self-conscious exclusiveness of addressing a chosen audience, a highly-developed personality, and an all-pervading sense of limitation. The minor classic is characteristically a book that buys flavour at the expense of power; if I mention such books as *Crotchet Castle*, Amiel's *Journal*, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* and *Cranford* it may be clearer what I have in mind. Machado has already been compared with Anatole France; his flavour is that of urbane pessimism. The small winner of his title is Braz Cubas, a rich Brazilian who pursues literature, politics and women, discovers the vanity of human wishes but takes the discovery like a gentleman, and leaves this life "a small winner" because he has at least left behind no posterity to endure the misery of the world. In my view the book does not establish its claim. Passages displaying force and originality are overborne in the reckoning by posturing and whimsy. As well as being compared to Anatole France Machado has, I see, been likened to Sterne, whose work, as an admirer of English literature, he has presumably studied; he certainly employs some of Sterne's more boring tricks. Although I quite enjoyed reading *Epitaph of a Small Winner* while I was actually engaged upon it, I am surprised how much I dislike its sentimentality, ebullience, and conventionality in retrospect. Reactions to the minor classic (or even minor-classic type) are however highly personal, and I am clearly not one of the five or ten people to whom, Machado said, he addressed his book.

Mr. Slater does not pretend to address his *Calypso* to five or ten people; he is free from pretensions of any kind. He has set out, it appears, merely to entertain, and he has succeeded brilliantly. We first meet Calypso in 1921, when she runs off with Alan Black, a faintly seedy, slightly overdressed near-cad who drinks too much, and who, by the alchemy of Mr. Slater's perceptions and style, starts from the very page with every yellow tooth visible, making an astonishing demand upon our interest, sympathy, and even admiration. Calypso is a young charmer, a little conventional in her charm and erratic in her behaviour. In France she and Black get into trouble with the police; they are perfectly innocent of the crime of which he is accused, but Mr. Slater has a weird expertise—which he displays again in the second part of the book—in building up a framework of damaging evidence out of innocent behaviour. This police trouble is an accident, but Calypso is accident-prone, and thirty years later she finds that, however discreet and cautious one may be, one cannot avoid the appointment in Samarra.

I must repeat that *Calypso* is an entertainment; there is, if you like, very little *to* it. Why is it so enjoyable? For one thing one is conscious of a distinguished intelligence behind the arras. For another the style, while completely free from cheap effect, is strikingly crisp and pungent. For a third Mr. Slater excels both in character and atmosphere. If there is anything wrong with the book it lies in the transfer of interest from Black, who dominates the stage while he is on it, to Calypso, who, whatever her creator's intention, has been pushed into second place by her disreputable and remarkable lover.

A Lease of Life has one or two things in common with *Calypso*. It is concerned with personal relations. It is highly intelligent. It has style. For the rest it is different, a slow, obliquely probing book. It concerns an American, Joseph Branch, passing a year in England. Joseph has been spiritually and physically damaged in the war, and is unfit for the effort of important relationships. He has accordingly left his fiancée in America and is slow to become involved with people in England. Almost reluctantly he falls in love with a friend's wife, Iris. Her husband, a British diplomat, has left her and is currently *en poste* in Rome. Joseph goes to Rome; he has some idea of reconciling his friend Ryder Monkhouse to Iris, but things don't work out like that. Yet at the end of the book it may be said that the object of Joseph's time in England has been achieved, since he has renewed his lease of life. *A Lease of Life*, with its subtlety, its somewhat muted tone, its faintly Jamesian prose—Miss Abercrombie achieves the feat, rare in the contemporary novel, of writing grammatical sentences of ten or more lines in length—is an unusual novel of genuine distinction.

Mr. Clifford's first offering is a story about the war in the Far East. A young officer leads a small party behind the Japanese lines to blow up a bridge; things go wrong and he is the sole survivor. He is nursed by a young American nun, who, with the priest who is in charge of the mis-

A GOOD REVIEW?

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sion, refuses to be evacuated, although both realise that they are likely to pay the penalty of harbouring a British officer. If Mr. Clifford's intention was to illuminate the phenomena of faith and courage he hardly rises to it; but he writes well about what he knows, gives the feel of his particular war, and can describe action excitingly. This is a kind of first novel which might be succeeded by something more original.

J. D. SCOTT

HOLIDAY READING

The foreigner in London—whether he hails from Chicago, Helsinki, Bolton or Greenock—has been a major theme in this year's output of guide books. To give him feel and atmosphere there are the brightly captioned photographs that make up *This is London* (Faber, 7*s.* 6*d.*); to add hard facts about sights, galleries, restaurants and entertainments, John Metcalf's *London A to Z* (Deutsch; hard covers 5*s.*, paper 2*s.* 6*d.*), and Victor Burrows's *Blue Plaque Guide* to the houses of famous residents (Newman Neame, 7*s.* 6*d.*). Anthony Weymouth's chatty *Going to London* (Phœnix House, 8*s.* 6*d.*) is intended for children; so is Geoffrey Trease's *Young Traveller in England and Wales* (Phœnix House, 8*s.* 6*d.*), built pleasantly round the fiction of two English children showing their country to a young Australian and South African. Older visitors who travel beyond London will be served by *The Oxford Travel Atlas of Britain* (Oxford, 10*s.* 6*d.*), by the tenth edition of the *Dunlop Guide* (Burrow, Cheltenham, 7*s.* 6*d.*)—a book bulky with maps, town plans, lists of hotels, garages, ferries, golf-courses, etc.—and Raymond Postgate's *Good Food Guide, 1953-54* (Cassell, 5*s.*), to "over 750 places where you can rely on a good meal at a reasonable price." The reprint of John Piper's *Shell Guide to Oxfordshire* (excluding Oxford—Faber, 12*s.* 6*d.*) is for the civilised traveller with a really open eye. Sidney Toy's *Castles of Great Britain* (Heinemann, 25*s.*)—descriptions of a hundred castles, with plans and photographs—authoritatively serves a specialised interest.

The Briton abroad will be exposed to a shower of books by Gordon Cooper, who coaches him on *Your Holiday in Italy*, also in *France*, also in *Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg* (Alvin Redman, each volume 9*s.* 6*d.*), and also distributes tips on *A Fortnight in Norway* (Percival Marshall, 3*s.* 6*d.*). In the same series there is *A Fortnight in Spain* by Leslie Bransby; visitors to the Peninsula might also like the new edition of John Marks's *To the Bullfight* (Verschoyle, 7*s.* 6*d.*). Though Bon Viveur's guide to the *Austrian Tyrol* (Muller, 5*s.*) is based on a winter trip, much of it is also relevant to the summer visitor.

The first post-war edition of the Blue Guide for *Northern Italy* has just been published (Benn, 30*s.*). *Fodor's Modern Guide to Scandinavia* (Newman Neame, 17*s.* 6*d.*), has photographs, maps and interesting general essays as well as the usual information. There is a completely new edition of *Paris for Everyman* by H. A. Piehler (Dent, 7*s.* 6*d.*). Finally, though the *Air Guide to Europe*, edited by Lionel Birch (Newman Neame, 5*s.*) panders to insularity by listing "Links with Home" (British consuls, doctors and the like)—it tops off its 200 admirable pages of hard facts with six exhortations on the back cover: "How Not to be British Abroad."

No-one is likely to take Aristotle's *Poetics*, Cicero's *Offices*, Locke on Civil Government or the Plays of Ben Jonson—all in the new large format edition of Everyman's Library—on to the beach. Yet trunk-space may well be found for Mr. Priestley's *Angel Pavement* (No. 938), Steele's *The Tatler* (993), selected and edited by Lewis Gibbs, S. O. Andrew's new verse translation of the *Odyssey*, which replaces Cowper (454) or even the four volumes of Macaulay's *History* (34-37). The new Everymen are published at two prices (6*s.* and 7*s.*) according to the length and nature of the volume.

Other reprints include the first four titles of the new Constable edition of Shaw (*St. Joan, Arms and the Man, Pygmalion,* and *Cæsar and Cleopatra*—5*s.* each), and Seton Dearden's entertaining study of Sir Richard Burton, *The Arabian Knight* (Barker, 16*s.*).

Among the reprinted fiction are Compton Mackenzie's *Passionate Elopement* (Macdonald, 10*s.* 6*d.*), P. G. Wodehouse's *Mike at Wrykyn* (Herbert Jenkins, 6*s.*), Caradoc Evans's collection of Welsh short stories, *My People* (Dobson, 7*s.* 6*d.*); and, for the elderly in nostalgia, and the young in anticipation, three G. A. Hentys: *With Wolfe in Canada, Cornet of Horse,* and *Redskin and Cowboy* (Latimer House, 6*s.* each). Recent Penguins include *Jane Eyre* and *The Thurber Carnival* (2*s.* 6*d.* each) and, at 2*s.* each, Christopher Isherwood's *Mr. Norris Changes Trains,* and a couple of Agatha Christies—*The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* and *The Mysterious Mr. Quinn.*

A Normandy Summer School

The famous *entretiens* which used to take place between the wars at the Abbey of Pontigny are being revived this year at the Château de Cerisy-la-Salle (Manche). There will be two *décades*—from July 6 to 16, when *Variations du Roman* will be the subject of discussion, and from July 16 to 26, on *L'Abstrait et le Concret dans les Arts plastiques*: price for each session, 12,000 francs, with a special rate of 8,000 francs for "*intellectuels peu fortunés.*" Information from Mme Heurgon, 27 rue Boulainvilliers, Paris 16.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,217

Set by Epsilon

Readers are asked to imagine that prospective biographers are seeking details concerning the following: Lloyd George, Sickert, Margot Oxford, Sir Thomas Lipton, Northcliffe, Curzon, Dame Ethel Smyth, J. M. Barrie, F. E. Smith. They are to supply an apocryphal and apposite anecdote about any one of them. Limit, 150 words. Entries by June 30.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,214

Set by Tom Bowling

It is (theoretically) possible to obtain a reduction of rates by registering a building as a place of religious worship. Competitors are asked to submit applications on behalf of the Stock Exchange, the Tate Gallery, the Savage Club, Lords, Rugby, Lyons Corner House, Harrods or Harringay Arena.

Report by Tom Bowling

A fair-to-middling week, with a score of quotable entries and a dozen near misses. Apologists of the Stock Exchange made up a keen and numerous band and included D. L. L. Clarke ("... the leading journals give regular and detailed reports of our daily meetings") and Allan M. Laing ("it cannot be denied that we hold our beliefs with unusual sincerity, and even that they are held by many not openly joined to our community"). Both treated the obvious theme of Mammon-worship with dignity and restraint. On Lyons Corner House I liked Maurice Cassel—"At intervals soft music, often of a semi-devotional, always of an elevating nature is played"—while The Tate was well represented by Lakon and R. B. Browning. The latter must answer for the slogan "Meditate at the Tate."

Three guineas to E. W. Fordham and a guinea each to the others printed below.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE

The Committee of the Stock Exchange have complete confidence in making this application.

As it is beyond dispute that the object of true religion is the promotion of general uplift, so is it undeniable that precisely that aim is the main object of this Institution whose members find such profound satisfaction in an upward movement, a better showing and a continued advance; who rejoice when good features are developing, and earnestly welcome a genuine all-round revival. No less sincere is their regret at a general slipping back, or a drift to lower levels.

As Tennyson wrote in *Guinevere*—

"It was my duty to have loved the highest:
"It surely was my profit had I known."

These principles are the inspiration of the Stock Exchange, where the bull lies down with the bear; it is, therefore submitted that the irrefutable logic of this application will ensure that it is readily granted.

E. W. FORDHAM

THE TATE

Sir,

It is desired to register the Tate Gallery as a place of religious worship. This application is made on the following grounds:

1. Attendance figures. These are on the same small scale as those for other places of religious worship (except on special occasions equivalent to society christenings, weddings and funerals), as opposed to those for places of entertainment, *e.g.*, cinemas, palais-de-dances, etc.

2. Casting down of false gods. Whereas in places of entertainment false gods thrive, here they are eyed askance; even, at times, physically attacked and destroyed.

3. Demeanour of worshippers. There is a shuffling gait and a gloomy expression found only in places of religious worship, as opposed to the tinsel and glitter and mad, gay laughter of the entertainment world.

4. Admission. It is a place of free and democratic worship, available to all, except for an occasional small fee justly due to special exhibitions of peculiar or imported rites.

PAT BULLEN

LORD'S

For many decades a numerological form of sun-worship, in which the significance of the square of ten figures largely, has been carried on at Lord's, an enclosure sacred to Emsese, the national deity and recognised moral lawgiver. Services are held regularly throughout the summer. All the ministrants are clad in ceremonial vestments, and a card giving the order of service is obtainable at the entrance. The utmost decorum is observed, and the congregation is kept aloof from the scene of the rites, although occasionally joining in the appeals and responses. Notwithstanding the complicated ritual involved, bigotry has no place in this religion; in fact, ministers of other denominations are quite numerous among the congregation.

It is from this centre that articles of faith are promulgated and evangelists selected and sent to other parts of the globe when the elements are no longer favourable to public worship in this country.

LESLIE JOHNSON

HARRINGAY

We respectfully submit that the vast concourse which attends this Arena does so for the Purpose for which this Establishment was intended, that is to perpetuate the Worship of Artemis.

Some several times each Session there is performed a symbolic Chase. Greyhounds are used purely because such Hounds are known to be favoured by the Goddess. A model rabbit represents the quarry as it is fervently felt that deer would wound the feelings of the Worshippers and offend the Goddess whose sole prerogative such quarry is. Betting, it is true, *may* take place but it is purely incidental, being one of those English weaknesses we still strive to overcome. Indeed we look forward to the day when the hearts of all worshippers will turn from this.

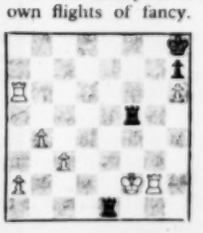
Accordingly we ask that this Place may be truly rated as one for Religious Worship.

L. G. UDALL

CHESS: Drawing from Life

No. 194

Just as a novelist or playwright is perfectly entitled to take his characters and situations from real life (and, indeed, can hardly help doing so), just so a study-composer may well turn to the reality of a game-position to inspire his own flights of fancy. Let us first look at this position which occurred in the game Schallopp-Blackburne, Frankfurt 1887; indeed it marked the end of it, for it was at this stage that Schallopp accepted the draw proposed by his crafty opponent; he could not see how to dodge the stalemate or to avoid



Company Meetings

MARKS AND SPENCER LIMITED

CONTINUED INCREASE IN TURNOVER

IMPROVEMENTS IN MERCHANDISE

MODERNISATION OF STORES

THE twenty-seventh Annual General Meeting of Marks and Spencer Ltd. was held on the 11th June at 82, Baker Street, London, W.1.

Sir Simon Marks D.Sc. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director), who presided, said:

Profits for the year, after taxation, amounted to £2,466,000 (preceding year £2,206,000).

£4,275,000 has been provided for taxation compared with £2,790,000 a year ago.

With £4,506,000 brought forward from last year there is available for distribution £6,972,000.

A final dividend of 35 per cent., making 50 per cent., less tax, for the year was proposed.

After the transfer to the General Reserve of £1,500,000 and payment of dividends and other appropriations, the carry-forward will be £4,051,000.

With the addition of £1,143,000 from the profits of the year reserves amount to £9,936,000.

Properties stand in the Balance Sheet at £8,940,000 which figure is obviously substantially below their present-day value as most were acquired before 1939. They represent a considerable capital reserve.

After providing £569,000 for Depreciation, Fixtures and Equipment stand in the Balance Sheet at £2,652,000—an increase of over £300,000 on last year.

Advances made to Subsidiary Companies have fallen from £4,249,000 to £1,990,000.

The stocks of the Subsidiary Companies form the pipe-line for a large part of the cloth used in our business.

Cash balances and investments in Government Securities and Tax Reserve Certificates amount to £7,000,000—an increase of £5,500,000.

I am pleased to record continuing progress. Our turnover for the past year was £85,000,000—an increase of 16 per cent. over the previous year.

After a period of thirteen years of control by Government regulation we were in a position to exercise our initiative and accumulated experience in presenting our customers with a wide range of well-styled, well-finished, attractive garments at prices they could afford to pay.

It is our aim to satisfy the growing needs of our customers, with moderate and lower levels of income, for inexpensive goods of quality.

There have been some quite remarkable improvements in our goods, which stem directly from the fact that we are increasingly able to use better, finer, and newly developed materials.

Our Merchandise Development section concentrate on the development and production of a wide range of suitable woven and knitted materials for our garment manufacturers. We have added many new and interesting cloths.

In our Food Section we have continued to develop specialised lines of quality and value. A growing proportion of our foodstuffs is sold in attractive hygienic packs which conserve freshness and facilitate handling and speed of service. In co-operation with our friends, the suppliers, we are engaged in improving our values and in bringing down the selling prices of many items for which there is a wide demand.

It is interesting to observe that 90 per cent. of our goods are sold at less than 30s. per article, and 43 per cent. are still sold under 5s., which price before the war constituted our appeal to the public.

So varied a range of inexpensive goods of quality could not have been evolved without the understanding collaboration of our suppliers who have invested considerable monies in new factory buildings, new machinery and new equipment and devoted much effort to the training of specialised labour forces. We attach the greatest importance to the workmanship and finish for which the brand name of "St. Michael" is a guarantee.

Our market is an assured and growing outlet for their goods; continuity of production for them is as essential as continuity of supplies to us. We thank them for their most helpful collaboration which we value most highly.

We had always maintained our properties in first-class condition, but the war years forced us to neglect this aspect of our business.

It has been a major task to make up the leeway. As licences to repair and build became available and building materials freer in supply we set out to restore our properties and modernise our Stores.

We have spent much on equipment and on specially designed display fixtures and counters. We have introduced modern decorative and lighting schemes to create a worthy setting for our goods and to give our customers the convenience of shopping in attractive surroundings. Our customers have so readily responded to these new amenities that we are encouraged to extend this transformation to the rest of our Stores.

It is with pleasure that we can report the rebuilding of our bombed Stores at Bristol, Clacton, Exeter, Plymouth, Southampton, Sheffield and Yarmouth. New Stores have been opened at Leeds, Norwich, Sheffield and Swansea. Important extensions have been made at 36 Stores.

Since the end of the war we have invested some £11,000,000 on the whole of this programme, and further substantial sums will have to be appropriated.

In addition, the sum of £1,250,000 has been invested in new sites for future development and the enfranchisement of some leasehold properties. The whole of the expansion has been met from the Company's own resources.

Our staff now exceeds 26,000. I am sure that you will join with me in thanking them for their services during the year. The Board is most appreciative of their loyalty and devotion.

The team spirit animates all employed in our Stores. By their knowledge of the goods, and their courteous and helpful approach to our customers, they add to our good name and the goodwill we enjoy with the public.

The expanding requirements of our business offer many and varied careers.

The number of Staff who attain a service of 25 years grows from year to year.

Our Welfare Department is devoted to the well-being of our staff, and the amenities which it creates are designed to make their working hours pleasant and congenial. After business hours there are social and other activities for those who care to participate in them. All this adds to their sense of belonging to our organisation and creates an *esprit-de-corps* so important to the success of the Company.

Provision is made, through our Pension and Benevolent Funds, for an appropriate pension to be paid to those who, on retirement, have qualified by their record and length of service. Their position is reviewed annually and any special needs which they may have are taken care of by the Company, so that in their retirement they can enjoy many of the amenities which were available to them during their active careers.

It is because of these growing needs that we propose to increase to £100,000 our allocation this year to the Benevolent Trust.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Dunlop Rubber Company

Factors Affecting Turnover

The Fifty-fourth Annual General Meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., was held on June 15 in London.

The Rt. Hon. LORD BALFOUR, K.B.E., C.M.G., the Chairman, in the course of his speech, said:—

The change to a buyers' market in this country and abroad has been directly reflected in the Report and Accounts for 1952 in the following ways:

The volume and value of our trading was reduced, reflecting a reduction of approximately 27 per cent. in our net balances from trading; the investment in inventories was substantially reduced; there was a considerable reduction in our working capital requirements, notably in the form of bills and overdrafts; the margin of profits on which our Group operated in 1952 was lower.

The Group turnover for 1952 at £250 million was £34 million less than in 1951. It was, however, £53 million greater than the turnover for 1950 at £197 million. I think it is important in considering those movements to remember that the years 1950 and 1951 were the years of peak inflation when prices of our main raw materials were abnormally high and that in 1952 those prices fell sharply. It is in that setting that we have to view the results and these changed conditions created many difficulties and problems for the management of your Company's affairs.

LOWER PROFIT MARGIN

The reduction in turnover was due to lower selling prices of many of our products and also to a slight reduction in the volume of goods sold. The lower volume reflected the two-fold effect first, of the advance buying in 1951 which occurred after the outbreak of the Korean War and, second, the buying resistance in a period of falling prices such as occurred in 1952.

The lower margin of profit again directly reflects the conditions existing in 1952 both here and abroad. Profit for the year was at 4.7 per cent. of turnover before charging tax and 1.9 per cent. after tax. This is lower than the margins earned in 1951 and considerably lower than the figures for 1950, namely 9.2 per cent. and 3.4 per cent. respectively. Out of this margin we have to provide a reasonable return to shareholders and a sufficient allocation to reserve to maintain our productive capacity and volume of business. In 1952 tax provision was £5,275,000 and the reserve allocation was £520,000. This latter we consider insufficient to provide for the proper maintenance of our productive facilities and for the normal expansion of our business.

In my reviews of recent years I have mentioned the grave concern with which industry viewed the continued high level of taxation. Now for the first time since the war the tax burdens have been eased and we trust the trend of recent years has been finally reversed. The actual relief, present and prospective, provided in the Budget is still small but it is a first and important step towards stopping the progressive erosion of the resources of industry.

We seem at last to be shaking ourselves free from the controls and restrictions and the negative thinking which is so often generated by a long war. Controls and licences are being progressively removed; shortages over a wide field of raw materials and of consumer and capital goods seem to be slowly disappearing; industry and the individual are being thrown more upon their own resources. We trust the Government will not weary of well doing.

CHALLENGE OF GROWING FREEDOM

The growing freedom we enjoy and the incentives now appearing just above the horizon are a further call to industry to continue in its task of increasing its own efficiency and of making its full contribution to the national need.

As we have consistently done since the close of the war, we must continue to seek every opportunity of increasing turnover and exports, of raising productivity, of achieving greater efficiency and lower costs and of re-awakening in its widest interpretation the arts of salesmanship. These constitute a grave and weighty challenge to the whole of industry.

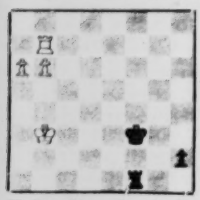
If we succeed we shall be putting real value into the pound sterling; we shall be increasing the net worth of every pay packet; and we shall be helping to recreate a stable and solvent Britain.

The report and accounts were adopted.

perpetual check from Blackburne's surviving Rook. Some years later, though, it was discovered how Schallopp could have won the game after all.

(1)	K x R	R-B8 ch	(7)	K-Kt4 !	R-R5 ch
(2)	K-K2	R-K8 ch	(8)	K-B3	R-B5 ch
(3)	K-B3	R-K6 ch	(9)	K-K2	R-K5 ch
(4)	K-Kt4	R-K5 ch	(10)	K-Q2	R-Q5 ch
(5)	K-R5	R-R5 ch	(11)	K-B2 !	
(6)	K-Kt5	R-R4 ch			

It was from that game and even more so from his awareness of such positions happening none too rarely that A. Kraemer drew the inspiration to compose this study. It earned a well deserved first prize on account of its admirable construction as well as its practical value for the student of end-game technique. The key-move is (1) R-KB7 ch, and obviously the K cannot go to K7 because of (2) R-KR7, R-QKt8 ch, (3) K-B3, R x P, (4) R x P ch, followed by R-QR2. Hence Black plays (1) . . . K-KKt7, (2) R-Kt7 ch, K-R8, hoping to save himself by stalemate or perpetual. White must now endure his K's persecution by the R, and it will be his first (and decisive) object to get his K to g5 in such a way that the R is forced to check from h5.



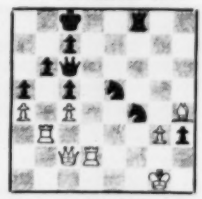
(3)	P-R7	R-B6 ch	(8)	K-B7	R-B3 ch
(4)	K-B4	R-B5 ch	(9)	K-Kt8	R-B1 ch
(5)	K-Q5	R-B4 ch	(10)	K-R7	R-R1 ch
(6)	K-K6	R-B3 ch	(11)	K-Kt6	R-R3 ch
(7)	K-K7	R-K3 ch	(12)	K-Kt5 !	R-R4 ch

(12) K-B7 would be wrong because, with the Black R checking on his third rank the White K could never achieve his aim of hiding among his pawns. But now he can.

(13)	K-B6 !	R-B4 ch	(16)	K-B7	R-B4 ch
(14)	K-K7	R-K4 ch	(17)	K-Kt7 etc.	
(15)	K-Q7	R-Q4 ch			

After (13) . . . R-R3 ch, (14) R-Kt6, R-R1, (15) P-Kt7, R-B1 ch, (16) K-K6 ! the K would find sanctuary on his QKt6.

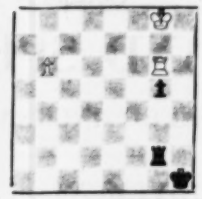
A : Monticelli 1930



In the competition the 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Black forced a spectacular win in four moves. **B**—White to win—is quite unspectacular, but a very instructive end-game study, fully worth its 6 ladder-points. Its gifted author, alas, died a year or two ago. **C.**—White to win—is one of Rinck's most subtle pieces, probably known to the more erudite of our cracks : but no one else will find it overrated at 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by June 29.

B : Ewald Kapfer 1948



C : Henri Rinck 1927

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 30

A : (1) P-R3, P-R4. (2) P-R4, K-R3. (3) K-B6, PxRP. (4) P-Kt5 ch, K-R2. (5) K-B7, P-R6. (6) P-Kt6 ch, etc.

B : (1) P queens ch, KxQ. (2) RxP ch, RxR. (3) Kt-R1 ch, K any. (4) P-Kt3.

C : (1) B-B2 ch, K-R8. (2) P-R7, P-B7 ch. (3) B-K3 !, RxB ch. (4) K-B2, R-KR6. (5) B-Q5 ch ! !, PxB. (6) PxKt (Q), R-R7 ch. (7) K-B3, P queens. (8) Q-KKt2 ch, etc.

(2) B-QB5 would be countered by (2) . . . RxB. (3) P-R7, R-KR7.

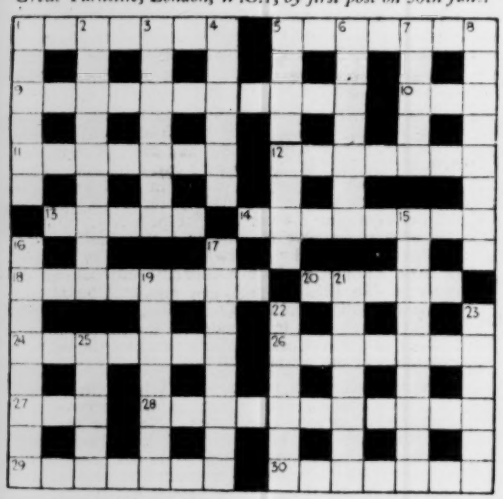
(5) PxKt (Q) would be countered by (5) . . . R-R7 ch. (6) K-B3, P queens.

Quite a few stumped by **C**, some even by **B**. Yet, there are too many correct solutions to mention them all, and the prizes can be shared by competitors who have never yet or not for a long time appeared in a prize list : P. E. Hodsdon, M. M. Kennedy, L. G. Kennion, B. Lodge, P. M. D. Sanderson. *Londoners' 8 majority move P-Q4 Non-Londoners' 9th due by June 24.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 53 : Literary

Prizes : Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 53, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 30th June.



ACROSS

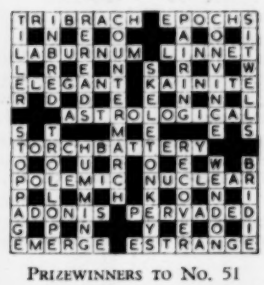
1. He created a breathless hush (7).
5. The poet to move relatives (7).
9. Eliot's fruit is hard to grasp (7, 4).
10. Chair for a blind pirate (3).
11. " You are idle shallow things: I am not of your —— " (7).
12. Polish work set in the Midlands (7).
13. What Johnson said round numbers always were (5).
14. Cause of Orlando's madness (8).
18. There were as many of these things as there were steps (8).
20. " What would be —— in other poets is only victory in him " (Dryden) (5).
24. Printer's craft (7).
26. Carroll's substitute for a diamond (7).
27. Where the Roman came (3).
28. Those who do not wait for a paper (4, 3, 4).
29. Near the capital (7).
30. He wrote about the daring young man on the flying trapeze (7).

DOWN

1. Beamish relative (6).
2. Fry the critic (9).
3. Mainland is surprisingly one of them (7).
4. Make use of the streets for dates (6).
5. He made a fortune dealing in negro slaves (4, 4).
6. A changed man ; go and score for him (7).
7. Art of Wells (5).
8. Future language contains a mountain of information (8).
15. A weakness, like fame (9).
16. " She left lonely for ever the kings of the sea " (8).
17. There was much care and valour in one at Agincourt (8).
19. He was killed by Haredale (7)
21. Silas Marner, for instance (7).
22. " Who —— my purse, —— trash " (6).
23. A kind of dragon (6).
25. Cartoonist useful to the doctor (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 51



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 51

A. L. Bacharach (London, N.W.3), Miss. E. Ward (Cardiff), K. Mortimore (South Harrow).

FELLOWSHIP

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for the Webb Research Fellowship offered for research in one of the following fields: (1) nationalized industry; (2) decentralization; (3) collective bargaining; (4) parliamentary procedure. The value of the Fellowship, which will be tenable for one year with a possible extension to two years, will be £700-£1,000 per annum according to qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Closing date for the receipt of applications July 10 1953.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior Schools 18gns. The School has a small group of weekly boarders and there are 2/3 vacancies at present. Boarding charge 25gns. p. term in addition to tuition fees.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs. A happy purposeful community of a dozen adults and 50 children aged from 4-13. Recog. by Min. of Educ. Fees £140 to £165 p.a.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

SCHOOLS—continued

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £50 term. Good academic results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children. Vacancies for two boarders under nine.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss B. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

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TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

SCHOOLS—continued

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MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlooking Channel, Welsh Hills. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc., Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St., W.1. Regent 2803. Founded 1901.

MISCELLANEOUS

CARPETS for hire. Persian and Oriental Carpets, Rugs, Runners, etc., for Film, Stage, Fashion, Reception, Gala occasions, etc. Apply Hire Dept., Alexander Juran & Co., 74 New Bond St. Tel. Mayfair 2550.

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DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

STRIPED Ticking. Waxed and Feather-proof, 56 in. wide, superb quality, only 7s. 6d. yd. Post 1s. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 81), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

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THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3, Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

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THE Continental's illustrated brochure will help readers to avoid wasting their holiday. "Square Deal & Cordiality." 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

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CHAGFORD, Devon. An endless variety of wonderful Dartmoor scenery. Moor Park Hotel, a delightful old Coaching House, for hospitality & comfort. Mod. amenities. Cocktail Bar, Riding; Trout Fishing. Central for runs to the coasts. A.A., R.A.C. Res. Props.: Randle & Robinson. Tel.: 2202.

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BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gardens, Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. Summer 7-9*gns.* inclusive.

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HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6*gns.* George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

LAKE District. "Beck Allans," Grasmere. H. & C. all bedrooms. Terms moderate. Brochure on request. Prop.: A. & E. Wild. Tel.: Gras. 129.

BLUE Idol Guest House, William Penn associations, modern amenities, beautiful surroundings. Apply The Wardens, Coolham, Horsham, Sussex.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country. Own produce. Spacious grounds. Comfy beds. Bus to Eastbourne. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel.: Horeham Rd. 32.

TANKERTON-on-Sea. The sunny, tranquil corner of Kent. Fiveways Hotel, Kingsdown Park. Ideal for discriminating folk. Large beautiful grounds; near sea. Comf., good food. Mod. Easy reach Canterbury. A.A. recomm. R.A.C. listed. Whitstable 3243.

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 2*d.* from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

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ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton—seaside, cliffs, Downs. Old Norton House, on the famous old world village green. Food our speciality. 7-9*gns.* Brochure. Tel.: Rott. 3120. Proprietor: Donald Chapman, M.P.

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COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts.-Essex border, 27 miles London. Good food, sunny rooms, large garden, peaceful surroundings. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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BED/breakfast 7*s.* 6*d.* per night. English family, Rome, Italy. 30 mins. sea. Lynas, 8 Garlies Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.23.

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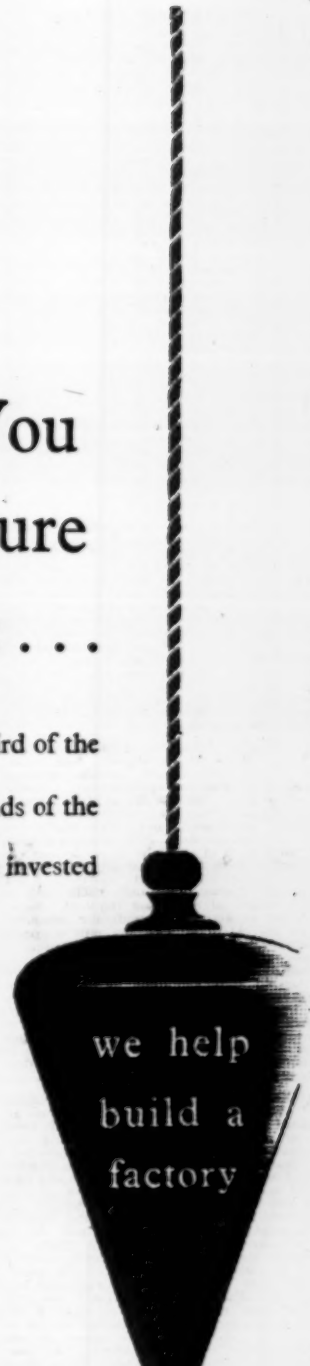

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

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HOMERTON College, Cambridge. Applications are invited for January 1954 (or earlier), for a Senior Lecturer in Education to be responsible for the training of students for Nursery and Infant teaching. Interest in child psychology and good experience of teaching young children essential. Scope and facilities for educational research. Salary £700 to £950. Further particulars from Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Government tenable in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. An interest in the theoretical aspects of political institutions would be an additional qualification. The appointment will be in Grade III at an initial salary of £500. The successful candidate will be expected to enter upon his duties on October 1, 1953. Applications should be in the hands of the Registrar, the University, Birmingham, 15, by July 4, 1953. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned. C. G. Burton, Secretary, The University, Birmingham, 3.

NORFOLK Education Committee. Norfolk Rural Music School. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons (men or women) for appointment as Senior Teacher of the Norfolk Rural Music School. The duties of the successful applicant will include organisation and administration as well as teaching and will be concerned with the promotion of all kinds of musical activity as well as with formal instruction in schools and Further Education classes. Good academic qualifications and special skill in some branch of music are required. Salary will be in accordance with the Burnham Scale for Assistant Teachers plus a special responsibility allowance of £75. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope from the undersigned, and applications should be submitted within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement. All communications must be endorsed "Rural Music School" at the bottom left-hand corner of the envelope. F. Lincoln Ralphs, Chief Education Officer, County Educ. Office, Stracey Rd., Norwich.

NORFOLK Education Committee, Norfolk Rural Music School. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons (men or women) for appointment as string class teacher (with one or more other subsidiary musical subjects) on the staff of the Norfolk Rural Music School. Applicants should have good academic qualifications and if successful will be required to teach in schools and Further Education classes of the Norfolk Education Committee. Salary will be in accordance with the Burnham Scale for assistant teachers, and an allowance for travel and subsistence will be made on the appropriate scale. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope. Applications should be submitted within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement. All communications must be endorsed "Rural Music School" on the envelope. F. Lincoln Ralphs, County Educ. Office, Stracey Rd., Norwich.

APPROVED Schools, Deputy Headmaster (resident) reqd. Mile Oak Approved School, Portslade, Sussex, accom. 150 boys (8-13 years), following appointment of previous holder to a headship. Applicants must be fully qualified teachers, experience in similar work. Knowledge of intelligence testing advantage. Burnham scale plus three increments and responsibility allowance. Unfurnished cottage, fuel, light and water provided for married man, or board, lodging and laundry for single man. Application form from Children's Officer (CH.A2.339), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1. (631).

HELEN Wilson Settlement, Hicks St., Sheffield, 3, requires Warden Sept. 1. Salary according to age, experience and qualifications, not less than £350 with accomm. Further partics. from Chairman of Settlement, to whom applications with names of three referees should be sent by end June.

THE Deaf Children's Society reqs. an Appeals Officer and outside Organiser. Applicants should write giving full details of experience to The Deaf Children's Society, 1 Macklin St., Drury Lane, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST Riding County Council. Bretton Hall, Training College for Teachers of Music, Art and Drama. Applications are invited for the following superannuable posts at this mixed college of approximately 150 residents. (a) Resident Domestic Bursar to take up duty on September 1, 1953. Salary £280 × £15 £420 per annum with free board residence. (b) Resident Assistant Domestic Bursar (Catering). Salary £225 × £15 £315 per annum with free board residence. Experience and a suitable qualification in domestic science or institutional management would be advantageous, and may be taken into account when fixing the commencing salary. Application should be made direct to the Principal, Bretton Hall, Bretton, Nr. Wakefield.

B.B.C. requires Swedish, Danish, Norwegian and Finnish dictation typists. No immediate vacancies but candidates passing tests will be considered for future vacancies. Accurate and quick typing from dictation in language concerned and working knowledge of English required. Starting salary £6 5s. plus 10s. language allowance. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Dict. Ts. N. Stm."

CANE Hill Hospital Management Committee, Coulsdon, Surrey. Applications are invited for the position of (second) Psychiatric Social Worker. The hospital provides accommodation for over 2,000 male and female patients and serves a wide area in South London where five out-patient clinics are held. Clerical assistance is provided. Applicants must hold an approved Mental Health Certificate but students completing the current course are invited to apply. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with those prescribed by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council "A" for the Health Service. Applications giving the names of two referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

ORGANISER for the Manchester and District Federation of Community Associations, working from Council of Social Service offices and in collaboration with the Local Education Authority. Initial salary from £475 to £500 according to ability and experience. Closing date July 4. Details from Hon. Sec., M. & D. F.C.A., 16 Queen Street, Manchester, 2.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Vacancy in September for a clerk in office dealing with arrangements for teaching practice, school visits, etc. Good shorthand and typing essential. Secretarial experience in a school or training college desirable. Salary £400-£15-£500. Membership of University Superannuation Scheme on appointment to permanent staff. Applications, giving full details as to age, qualifications and experience, should be sent, in duplicate, to the Secretary, Institute of Education, Malet St., W.C.1, not later than June 30.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3 reqs. for next term (1) Housemother, (2) Group & /or Mathematics Teacher, (3) Maintenance Man & Woodwork Teacher. Preference to a couple for two of the posts.

LONDON, N.W. Wanted, part-time qualified Master for Boys P.E. (ages 10-17), 2 half-days wkly. Recognised, independent day school. Salary Burnham (London). King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11.

ESSEX. Doucecroft Hostel for Maladjusted Children, Kelvedon. Deputy Warden (Male) required. Burnham Scale Salary less residential emoluments. Forms of application (s.a.e.) from Divisional Education Officer, Springfield Dukes, Chelmsford.

SOCIAL worker with knowledge of family case work, required as Secretary to the Dagenham Personal Service Council. Salary according to experience. Minimum £350 p.a. 5-day week. Applics. to be received within 10 days of issue of this advertisement to the Chairman, 358 Heathway, Dagenham, Essex.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker required with special interest in the community care of mental defectives. Work varied and responsible. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Full information from the Secretary, Cambridgeshire Mental Welfare Association, 2 Jesus Lane, Cambridge.

CASEWORKER, Woman, not under 25, wanted September for general Settlement Work. Apply in writing giving full particulars to Warden, Bishop Creighton House, 378, Lillie Road, London, S.W.6.

ASSISTANT Caseworker required. Social Studies Diploma and experience. Ability to help to train students. Salary scale £425-£475 with superannuation. Apply with names of three referees to Council of Social Service, 45 Castle Gate, Nottingham.

RESIDENT cook housekeeper needed at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxfordshire. 10 to 40 to cook for. Good kitchens. Aga. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply Warden.

EDUCATED girl, about 25, required as nursery governess by French family living in France, for two boys aged 7 and 5. The selected candidate will be required to speak English to the children and to occupy their out of school hours with intelligent pastimes. Ability to give first music lessons would be an asset. Formal training not necessary but candidates must have some previous experience of similar work and be really fond of children. Live with family. Box 9834.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Shorthand-Typist required for shorthand-typing and general oversight of typing staff. Interesting work. Wage on scale, with speed increments and special responsibility increment. Accommodation may be available. Applications, giving full particulars of age, education and experience, should be forwarded to the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Limited, Education Department, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in many parts of the country. Residence with pay during training period. Apply: S.S.U., 159, Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

SENIOR secretary with administrative ability required for work in a medical unit. Responsible post. Apply to the Director, Radiotherapeutic Research Unit of the Medical Research Council, Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Road, W.12.

YOUNG girl shorthand-typist with interest in art wanted by Ganymed Press, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Apply letter only. Salary according to experience and age.

IRVING Galleries req. young educated girl as Receptionist, with some knowledge of lettering for small bills and posters. Starting salary £4.—17 Irving Street, W.C.2.

S/TYP., W.C.1, 9.30-5.30. No Sats., £8 10s. and many others too! For the jobs with the best hours and best pay, call Burnett Bureau, 77, Dean St., W.1.

SHORTHAND-typist bookkeeper (part-time) required. Stonart, NORth 2304.

TEMPORARY/part-time Sh/typs. Interesting work, by hr./day/week. WHI. 5392.

WANTED, Intelligent, cheerful, able mother's help-cum-housekeeper for Anglo-American family, Nr. Woking. Excellent working conditions. Write Box 3.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ADVERTISER, young man (26) wants intelligent job involving mathematics and people. Box 9831.

EXPERIENCED teacher, M.A., French-Swiss lady, main subjects French, German, Latin, fluent English, seeks post in school (adults or children) or privately, London or Home Counties. Highest refs. Box 48.

RELIEF-typist (shthnd. /cler.) avail. p. hr./wk. Anywhere London. GLA. 6053.

YOUNG writer (graduate) seeks interesting work abroad or London. French, German, Italian. Theatre preft. Box 9856.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

BURSARIES

BURSARIES in Housing Management. Applications are invited from persons of good general education for two bursaries of £150 each granted by the Joseph Rowntree Village Trust for 1953/55. The training will be provided by the Society of Housing Managers. Preference will be given to candidates who have obtained a university degree and wish to take professional training. Good health essential. Particulars and applications from the Secretary, Society of Housing Managers, 13 Suffolk St., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

JUNE Penguins out today. The Thurber Carnival (2s. 6d.) James Thurber; Brave Bulls (2s.) Tom Lea; Serenade (2s.) James M. Cain; Bullets for the Bridegroom (2s.) David Dodge; The Case of the Lame Canary (2s.) Erle Stanley Gardner; Jane Eyre (2s. 6d.) Charlotte Brontë; Jassy (2s. 6d.) Nora Lofts. Penguin Classics: Euripides' Alcestis & other plays (2s.) tr. by Philip Vellacott. Pelicans: An Introduction to Jung's Psychology (2s.) Frieda Fordham. Penguin Scores: Beethoven—Symphony No. 7 (5s.); Schumann Piano Concerto (5s.); The Buildings of England—Derbyshire (4s. 6d.) Nikolaus Pevsner. Stock list from Penguin Books, Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middx. U.S.A. readers please write Penguin Books Inc., 3300 Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore 11, Maryland.

"MALAYAN Monitor," June issue: Review of 5th year of war. Other features: "Malaya—Peace or War" by prominent British persons; economic review. 4d. from Collet's, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2, and Central Books, Parton St., W.C.1.

"IRISH Writing": P.E.N. International Number. Special contribns. by Barea, Cary, Chamson, Feuchtwanger, Jameson, Maurois, Muir, Narayan, Simenon, Silone, Yutang. 2s. 7½d. 15 Adelaide St., Cork.

"MERLIN" and "Points," the two English literary reviews pub. Paris, 3s. 2d. each. France Features, 15 New Row, W.C.2.

STILL breaking all records. You must get Jean Paul Sartre's "Intimacy." Punch says: "leaves Lady Chatterly's Lover asleep at the post." From Bernard Hanison, Ltd., 11 Monmouth St., W.C.2. 12s. post free.

AT last Maude Hutchin's "Diary of Love" has appeared. Maude Hutchin's great artistry, original writing, frankness of expression are at their heights in this amazing novel. Just out, 12s. post free fr. Bernard Hanison, Ltd., 11 Monmouth St., London, W.C.2.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 3030.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

"POMP, Pageantry and Privilege," "Kings and Queens," "Churchill's Damp Squib"—in June "Socialist Standard." Send 4d. stamps, 52 Clapham High St., S.W.4.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s. 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

NIMRODS, The Only Book Hunters solely engaged in tracing Out-of-print & Scarce Books. Send your "wants" list to Nimrods, 3 Litchfield St., Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

THE Temple Fortune Bookshop specialises in Maps and Guides. But we have a nice selection of books to interest the collector, the gardener, and the lover of good food. Please come and see for yourself. Temple Fortune Bookshop, 5 Beauchamp Place, Brompton Rd., S.W.3.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Lester Thomson B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN Lit. sture bought & sold.—Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

BOOKS on Socialism, U.S.S.R., &c. wanted. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

SELLING your books? Write to Frank Cass, 31 Leweston Place, London, N.16, specialising in Economics and Politics.

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DUPLICATING, typing, express service, office staff supplied. Southern Secretarial Agency, 69, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. ABB. 1511/2.

EFFICIENT typing at moderate terms. Special quick service when required. Quotations offered free of charge. Write to 55 Sladedale Rd., Plumstead, S.E.18.

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HAZEL Porteous will type your Thesis, Novel, Play or Technical MS. Efficient personal serv., highly recom. by prominent writers. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe, Suffolk.

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THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

YOUR Secretarial problems solved at once by Dryden Office Service, 15 Tavistock St., Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 7237. Typing, duplicating, translations, staff.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

GUEST House for sale, S. Coast. Beautiful position; 9 bedrooms, etc., perfect condition; garden, chalets, garage. £4,650 Freehold. Substantial mortgage available. Absolute bargain. Box 8690.

DAIRY, stock and sheep farm, Carmarthenshire, eighty-six acres, and grazing rights. Modernised farmhouse, excellent buildings, sound condition, beautiful situation, easy access, freehold. Box 9694.

ONLY £750 each, Freehold. Two well-built cottages (for sale separately or together), each with 4/5 rooms, kitchen, garden, etc. Main water and electricity. Pleasant country situation, 3 miles from Dover. Details from Messrs. Protheroe & Morris, Chartered Surveyors, 14 Moorgate, London, E.C.2. (Tel. Monarch 8388/9.)

NORFOLK Broads.—Artistic 8-roomed bungalow for sale on small wooded broad, attractive garden, sun lounge, 3 bedrooms, wet boathouse, garage, mains gas, constant hot water, 1½ miles main line station. Particulars from Vincents F.A.L.P.A., Upper King St., Norwich. 23117/8.

PERSONAL

CLAIDEN, Lilo & Dan have a daughter, Susannah. Born May 26, 1953, at Newnham's Rough, Horsted Keynes, Sussex.

PART-time domestic help reqd. in return for room, full board & sml. salary. 10 Hillersdon Ave., Edgware. Stonegrove 9742.

GOOD home offered, exchange some help and baby-sitting. Moiret, SPE. 6055.

GIRL Student, English, Welsh or foreign, as mother's help during vacation. Country town N. Wales. Gd. outings & allowance. Details, snap, references. Box 9821.

UNIV. student (20) sks. vacation post. Expd. all animals, Science, children; speaks French. Everything considered. Box 9820.

YOUNG Japanese, Univ. graduate, desiring learn English way of life, wishes live as family about 10 months. Box 9800.

WOULD any publisher consider novel on Victorian age by published author? Also one considered amusing? Box 9728.

JEWISH social group will accept few new members; cultured background & Zionist sympathies essential. Box 9726.

YOUNG married couple, good car, intending motor tour Netherlands, Germany, Austria, on low budget, July 19-31, seek other couple to share expenses, with Cont. motoring experience if poss. Box 9889.

YOUNG Frenchwoman wants post English household mid-July to end August. Light housework, cking. Recommended. Box 9881.

UNDERGRADUATE (Law) seeks unusual job during four months' vacation. Drives; fluent French, German. Box 9836.

YOUNG lady teacher reqs. outdoor work during hol., end July-Aug. Box 9830.

YOUNG woman teacher, Cambridge grad. French & German, sh. typing, desirous of working part passage America "Queen Mary" August 6, offers secretarial services or help with children on voyage. Braithwaite, 9 Old Hatch Manor, Ruislip, Middx.

EXCLUSIVE London Bookshop for Sale owing to ill-health. Price, including Lease, Furniture, Fixtures and Fittings, Stock and Goodwill, £5,600. Box 9628.

CAMPING holiday August 4-18. Boys and girls over 11. Wonderful South-coast site. 3gns. a week. Burgess Hill School, Oak Hill Park, N.W.3.

JEWISH girl, 21, seeks similar for hitch-hiking in France, first two weeks in August. MOU. 9017.

LADY teacher, 30s, good "mixer," organiser, knowledge typing, catering, sks. hol. post country/seaside, club/hotel. Box 86.

CAR-Camping. S. France, etc., 3 wks. Aug. 1-2 pers. rqd. to complete party. Wright, 36 Randolph Av., W.9. CUN. 3865.

GO abroad in driven 8-seater saloon, 6d./km. and £2 day. Box 88.

WELL-educated young lady wishes interesting work, summer months, preferably abroad. Anything considered. Box 9744.

TWO undergrads. with truck seek companions for trip to Greece and Turkey from early July until September 1. Cost £50. Those interested should write David Williams, Keble College, Oxford, giving personal details.

SCHOOL hols. Show the kids London. House (except attic), sleep 5 or 6, 20 mins. Charing X, 7 weeks from July 25, £35 incl. Mr. X, 63 Tweedy Rd., Bromley, Kent.

STUDENT, 21, F., Jewish, sks. similar for companion summer vac., long cheap hol. abroad or other suggestions. Box 34.

SCHOOLMASTER seeks holiday companion (m.), France, August. Box 9713.

YNG. Wmn. with daughter (3) sks. hol. post Aug.-Sept. Anything consid. Box 9887.

TOURING France, Italy and Switzerland: two or three seats available in "Vanguard" car. Box 99.

CAP d'Antibes: Holidays in private villa by the sea. French cuisine. Box 9686.

COME and rest in old-fashioned Irish village. Modern conveniences. Continental cooking. French, German and Russian conversation at choice. £6. Box 9671.

INTENSE, serious, cheerful, 3-Univ. French-speaking would-be writer, 24, seeks employment patron on French Riviera or similar sun-people-drenched coast. Box 98.

CHILDREN'S House party at Weymouth. July 25-August 22. Brochure, Sec., Rodwell Summer School, 49 Coborn Rd., E.3.

STOCKHOLM: Modern 3-room flat to let; July, Aug., or part. Box 128.

JULY 1-21. Pleasant base for country holiday, Essex, offered appreciative woman: very reasonable terms. Refs. Box 113.

WIDOW, 37, seeks comp. (f.) Cont. holiday. First 2 wks. Aug. Share exp. BUC. 4901.

THERE'S always something worth-while doing (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

ABLE Boys: sailing on the Norfolk Broads for boys 12-16 (newcomers 12-14), living aboard. Able Crews: the same, for girls and boys. Waterboys: canoeing and swimming camp for boys 10-14, beside the upper Thames. Booklets from R. R. Skemp, 41 Bartlemas Road, Oxford.

PERSONAL—continued

FRIENDLY country home nr. town, for light help. Any nationality. Millmore, Foxbrow, Clayton, Yorkshire.

FACILITY helps the unhandymanish with electrical and radio appliances and installations. "Facility Repairs and Renovations," 83-91, Little Albany Street, N.W.1. Euston 7211. (Facility also helps the unhandywomanish with decorating schemes and work, broken crocks and pots, and renovates nursery equipment.)

SUNSHINE Holiday: join one of our informal holidays to Lake Garda and the Dolomites June 26-July 12, or to Yugoslavia August 1, 15 or 29, and be sure of sunshine, good food and drink and interesting company. Erna Low, 47 (N.S.) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 9225.

PLEASE set me some paid homework—typing, indexing, research—knowledge welfare, horticulture, etc. Anything considered. Box 9838.

SINGULAR—A successful advertising man with a conscience? He seeks the post of Ad. Manager in firm marketing creditable product/service. Age 36. Present salary £950. Write Box 5.

YOUNG mother (29) seeks holiday post, preferably abroad, mid-July/mid-September, where son (9) would be acceptable. Ex Social welfare. Books. Typing. Children. Good mixer. Box 9894.

FAMILY with 16-year-old boy would take boy similar age for summer holiday to France. Write Box 20.

FAIR-skinned secretary, trade union office, seeks holiday post abroad out of sun, fortnight late summer. Experienced children, cooking. Speaks French, German. Artistic tastes. Write Box 9.

HOLIDAY, Norfolk Broads. 2-4 people reqd. to complete party. Cruiser booked. 1st wk. Aug. Friends going abroad. Box 7.

YACHT Cruises Channel Islands. French Coast 14 days £48 10s. For Charter: New 4-berth auxiliary from £30 p.w.; 6-berth M.Y., £25 p.w.; 12-berth, 112ft M.Y., crew, sailing dinghies, £150 p.w. Write Falcon Yacht Agency, 2 Maidenhead Court, E.C.1.

HOLIDAYS the "En Famille" Way in Austria, France, Germany, Scandinavia. . . . "To get the best out of travelling is to learn to understand new customs, new ways of living, new ways even of thinking." Spend your holidays abroad, then, in the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family. Illus. Brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

FINHAUT, most beautiful Swiss village near Mont Blanc. Ideal quiet holiday. Hotels from 20s. to 25s. daily inclusive. British representative: C. Rackett, Bonhams, Yapton, Sussex. Telephone 256.

FOR the best holiday value in Switzerland and all available countries write for 1953 Programme to Swiss Hotel Plan Travel Service, 245 Regent St., London, W.1. 'Phone: GRO. 8921. 21 Continental Offices.

CORSICA for an inexpensive "out of the ordinary" 14 days sunshine holiday at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi by air and full board and accommodation for only £39 10s. Plan now. Write or phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. CS5), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

SOCIALISTS travel by I.U.S.Y. Yugoslavia £23 (14 days), Paris £15 or £12 10s. (7 days), Biarritz £24 (15 days), Berlin £16 10s. (12 days), dozens of other holidays, camps, schools, centres abroad. Full programme: International Union of Socialist Youth Travel Service, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

FEW vacancies in Private Parties to Paris: July 26 and September 6. 8 days £11 19s. 6d. Also Brussels August 9. Details: Hilgrove, 7 Bourne St., S.W.1.

A FEW vacancies, chiefly for gentlemen, in Swiss & Austrian tours. Air travel. E.I.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

EXPD. French teacher gives grammar/conversation lessons. London area. Box 77.

GUITAR lessons. Technique, Theory Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov FLA. 4354.

PROFESSOR'S Secretary studying pianoforte wishes supplement income with secretarial work; typing manuscripts, bookkeeping, etc., at home or S.W. area. Sec., 21 Denmark Avenue, S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

HANDWRITING expertly analysed for Character, Aptitudes, Abilities, etc., by graphologist 30 yrs. standing. Dtls. Box 9741.

EXPRESS Yourself in saleable writing. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N. 1 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

NO June Wedding complete without photographs. Ferrania film and your camera make the happiest pair.

PERSONAL—continued

SPANISH. Grammar & conversation by British authoress who winters in Spain. Lessons at own W.C.1 address. Also Inglés para Españoles. Box 9763.

FOREST School Camps. Enterprising camps August for boys and girls 12 to 18 and a fortnight's hike in Peak for girls and boys 14-18. Apply Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

FLORENCE with Perugia & Rome, or Ravenna & Venice, Aug. 14 to 28. High-class accommodation & food. Conducted party. Great opportunity for those interested in art & architecture. £37. Write E.T.A. Tours, 357 Strand, London, W.C.2.

DO You Like Sun-bathing? Then why not join the White House Country Club, in East Surrey? Perfect conditions for complete sun-bathing amid beautiful surroundings in five acres of grounds, with filtered swimming pool, two hard tennis courts, badminton, etc., and a large club house. Full catering at reasonable prices. Strictly members only. Lower rates for members under 30. No vacancies at present for single men under 40. Write 9626.

ART: Take up Water Colour: Six famous Artists teach you by post. The course is a sheer joy, easy, inexpensive. Pupils exhibit in Royal Academy, etc. Other Postal Courses in every branch of Art. Illustrated prospectus free. Press Art School, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.18), Tudor Hall, S.E.23.

GENOA, Florence, Venice, Innsbruck, Paris. A leisurely small party tour for the lover of beauty. 1st deps. June 28 and Aug. 2, 15 days, 49gns. Mr. North, c/o Allways, 17 Sicilian Ave., London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

NEWLANDS, Reg. Nursing Home, Langley Hill, King's Langley, Herts. Tel. K.L. 2519/3333. For med., post-operative & convalescent patients. Reduced terms prof. people.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

YOGHOURT made from milk easily and cheaply at home. Dets.: Yalacta Products, Ltd., Dept. P, Poplar Road, Shipley, Yorks.

SUMMER house party for boys & girls, 7-16; Somerset coast. We specialise in this kind of holiday. Ill. brochure—Junior Holiday Club, 34 Clarges St., W.1. GRO. 5093.

CHILDREN'S Hotel. Sea. Country. Every care. Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Thanet 62547.

TUITION Piano, Aural, Theory. Beginners to advanced. Cent. London. Box 9639.

EXPECTING a Crowd at your Sports Event, Fête, Show, Social Function, etc.? You'll need extra sanitation. Elsan Chemical Closet guaranteed odourless, hygienic. Needs no drains, no running water. Arrives ready for use. Send for leaflet to Elsan Mfg. Co. Dpt. N.S.5, 51 Clapham Rd. London, S.W.9.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

THE Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600. Relaxing and stimulating therapies. Osteopathy, Manipulation, Massage. Ask for brochure.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

P.S. "Can you hear Time's winged chariot?" This is a sure sign that you should delay no longer in applying for Harold Ingham's summer school programme. There are courses in Lausanne, Mayrhofen, Barcelona, Rome, Venice and Zagreb. Also 2 vacancies in special "Musicians' Tour" of Milan, Verona, Venice and Rome. Otherwise the walking holiday in Switzerland is a fantastic bargain at 23 guineas for 14 days or 28½ guineas for 21 days.

P.P.S.—Delay no longer—write to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow, or ring Harrow 1040.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

RESIDENTIAL Club, 33 Belsize Square, London, N.W.3. Students and young business people from 50s., with excellent meals; comfortable rooms, all h. & c.; television. Write for application form.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. & c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from £3 10s. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed & breakfast, 15s. daily.

COMFORTABLE bed-sitting room with breakfast, for gentleman, in Marble Arch. Prefer to let Monday to Friday only, but would consider full week. £3 15s. per week if 5 days; £5 5s. if full week. Apply GRO. 7761 from 9–5.30. References essential.

SHARE of flat, consisting one room, use of kitchen & bath. £2 10s. single, £2 15s. double. Tel. CUN. 6257.

1ST Floor 4-roomed furn. flat. Garage. Own 'phone. 2 or 3 adults. TUDor 5983.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., 'phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

SERVICE rooms, Chelsea. Fully furn., central heating, C.h.w., bed and breakfast from 3½gns. per week. FLA. 7755.

KENSINGTON. Single bed-sitting room available, £3 p.w. H.C. Table-top gas cooker. Heat, light and linen provided. Tel. WEStern 4097.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Nr. Stn. Every con. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arranged.

GOLDERS Green. Furnished flat. Twin beds, sitting-room, kitchen, own bath. 4gns. per week. Includes electricity. Gas fires. After 7 p.m. phone SPEedwell 6147.

LARGE newly reduc. v. well furn. 2-bed-sitt. room, use kit., superior house 1 min. buses tube. Ring aft. 7 p.m. MAI. 7049.

TO let for London holiday: Wooden Chalet in large garden. Suit young people. Sleep 5. ½-hour Baker St. Reas. Box 9745.

SELF-contained furnished flat to let, London, N.8. Lounge, double bedroom (two beds), kitchenette (Ascot), bathroom (geyser), own 'phone. Share garden. Box 9799.

2 LUXURIOUS single rooms, one 23 ft. x 15 ft., 3gns., one £2 15s., use kit., bath, gas. Rm. service, bed linen. Elec. fires. Check meters. MAI. 5267.

PLEASANT comf. furn. room. Bus. lady/stud. S. Ken. Tel. 7 9 p.m. FRE. 2881.

LGE. bed.-sit. room nr. Marble Arch, H. & C., gas fire; with or without meals. Suit 2 students or business man. PAD. 8135.

CONTEMPORARILY furnished rooms (one double 80s., one single 60s. weekly) sharing modern tiled bathroom and kitchen in small pleasant Kensington house. 'Phone evening PARk 5619 (women only).

FLAT for 4, fully furnished, at Kensington High St., 7gns. week, 3rd floor, 3 rooms, kitchenette and bathroom, self-contained. Also Flat for 5, fully furnished, 8gns. wk. 4 rooms, kitchen and bathroom, at West Hampstead, ground floor. 'Phone WEStern 2211 between 9 a.m.–6 p.m.

PLEASANT furn. bedsitting room offered lady teacher or similar, prof. home Ealing distr. Near Tube, buses. £2 wkly. Garage if reqd. 'Phone after 7 p.m. ELGar 4618.

SWISS Cottage. Pleasantly furn. room to let, all amenities. MAI. 7649.

LARGE sgle. bed-sit. rm., s/c flat Maida Vale. Use kit., bath. 2gns. wkly. incl. CUN. 9683 evenings or week-end.

FURN. bed-sit. rm., ckg. facils., linen, heating, lighting, use bathrm., £2 5s. incl. 6 mins. Wandsworth Common Stn. Box 62.

LARGE sunny bed-sitting room, kitchen, bathroom, overlooking gardens in private house near S. Kensington Station. Professional women only. KEN. 5757.

FINCHLEY Rd. Dble. divan rm., cooker, H.C., basin, bath, etc. 3gns. HAM. 2790.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

TO let: two furn. rooms in lady doctor's house Finchley Rd. Every con. Suit couple or 2 ladies. SPE. 3266, after 7 p.m.

OXFORD. Attractive attic flat, no mod. con., avail. 1st week July-end April, 1954. Linen, crockery, etc., if reqd. Suit 1 or 2 careful tenants. V. central. Box 58.

FURN. bungalow, West Cork. Delightful position. Reasonable. Box 9861.

OFF beaten track, charmingly furn. Welsh cottage by sea, mountains; sleep 4; Calor, Elsan. Vacant till Aug. 22. Box 9851.

EXCHANGE luxury 3-roomed flat Baker St. for flat/house Torquay or coastal resort, 3-4 weeks. Reply Box 9750.

LABOUR M.P. wishes exchange well-furnished West End flat (1 double bedroom) for seaside cottage, 2 or 3 weeks from Aug. 29. Mod. cons., good bathing essent. Box 33.

TWO prof. bachelors req. inexpen. furn. 2-rmd. flat for long period beginning July, Hampstead preld. MAI. 8943 evgs.

AMAT. music stud. reqs. acc. with piano. Anywh. N.W. Lon.-Wembley. Box 9799.

UN-/part-furnished flat required—London area. 'Phone Watford 5508.

PROF. couple require 2-3 rooms furn. or unfurn. N. London or S. Herts. Box 9888.

UNFURN. flat in London reqd. for young couple. Willing to decorate. Box 9878.

UNIVERSITY lecturer and wife need unfurn./part-furn. accommodation, Central London. LAN. 2910 or Box 9884.

TWO foreign grads. at Oxford req. furn. flat London area, July Sept. Box 36.

HOLIDAY accom. wanted Aug. 1-12. Pref. coast. Couple with year-old baby. Reasonable hotel, or would consider exchange Bloomsbury flat, sleep 5. Box 9865.

TRAVELLERS seek simple inexpensive pied-a-terre anywhere: luggage storage, free access, occasional stay. Box 9891.

ENTERTAINMENTS

MERMAID on Royal Exchange (Man. 7616). Ben Jonson's Comedy "Eastward Ho!" 6 & 8.40. Mat., Sat., 2.30. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days at 5.0 & 8.0. Cilli Wang. Mems. 5s. yrly.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). Sean O'Casey's Comedies, "Three in a Row." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Nightly 10.30 (Sun. 9.30). Coronation Cabaret. Mems. 5s. yr.

DAS Kommödchen (The Artists' Theatre of Düsseldorf), in "More Whisky—Less Vodka," a new literary revue in German, under the patronage of Peter Ustinov. June 22-July 5 (Suns. incl.), 7.30 p.m. Mats. Wed., Sat., Sun., 2.30 p.m., at the Park Lane Theatre, 45 Park Lane, W.1. Leaflets from Library of the German Language, 4b Belsize Grove, N.W.3 (Primrose 6083). Tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from the Library and the Box Office, Grosvenor 7711.

I.C.A., 17-18 Dover St., W.1. On June 26 at 8.15, Poetry Reading: Poems by Rene Char, Pierre-Jean Jouve and Henri Michaux in French and English translation, arranged and presented by David Gascoyne. Members 2s., Guests 3s.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until June 28: Menotti's "The Medium" (X).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., June 21, 7.30 "L'Amour Madame" (A) (French).

"SCARFACE," Classic American drama of lawlessness, with Muni as Al Capone, 7.30 p.m., June 25. Guest tickets (advance only) 2s. 6d. Secretary, Hammersmith Film Society, Town Hall, W.6. RIV. 6011.

SUMMER Fair and Garden Party. Bargains in books, stamps, clothes, toys, &c. Films, puppets, concerts, Lenin records. Games, side shows, prizes, flowers, refreshments. Sat., June 27, 2—6 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Entrance 1s. (Children 6d.). Also Dance 8—11 p.m., tickets in advance 2s. 6d. (at door 3s. 6d., 6s. double).

RIVER Dance on board Thames steamer, June 20, 7-11 p.m. Start and return Westminster Pier. Tickets 12s. 6d. (double, 23s. 6d.). Erna Low Travel Service, 47 (N.S.) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SATURDAY, July 4, International Co-operative Day celebrations at Festival Pleasure Gardens, Battersea Park. Mannequin Parades, Dancing, Music. Competitions plus all the regular attractions. Reduced price tickets (1s.) at any London Co-operative Society branch, or from P.R.O., L.C.S., Ltd., 54 Maryland St., London, E.15.

CONCERTS

ST. Pancras Town Hall, N.W.1. Tues., June 23, at 8 p.m. The Institute of Contemporary Arts presents a Programme of Works by Christian Darnton. Soloists: Geraldine Peppin, Ruth Packer, Parry Jones, Ian Glennie. Boyd Neel Orchestra, Catford Co-operative Society Choir. Cond.: Edric Cundell. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d. Unres., 2s. 6d.; from I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1, and Chappell's.

GUILDHALL Ensemble. Conductor Alan Barlow. Chenil Galleries (adj. Chelsea Town Hall), Mon., June 29, at 8. In the Beginning (Aaron Copland); Quintet (First performance) (Stefans Grove); Symphony No. 6 (Darius Milhaud); Motets, Part-Songs, Folk-Songs. Harp Solos played by Ossian Ellis. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., at Hall, Agents & Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

ALEC Robertson on "Modern Music" (5th & Last Illustrated Lecture sponsored by L.B.S. & Eric Greene, Esq.). 6.30 p.m., Wednesday, June 24, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tickets: 2s. 6d.: Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., or Hall on night of Lecture.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 'bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

ROYAL Tombs at Westminster Abbey. An Exhibition of Photographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 4. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

GAINSBOROUGH: Open till August 4. Graham Sutherland: Open till August 9. Arts Council Exhibns. Tate Gallery, Mon., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Wed., Thurs., 10-9; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. to each exhibition.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition of Contemporary British Paintings. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition: Henry Moore drawings and his recent "Seated Figure" in terra cotta. Closing June 28. Daily 11-6. Sun. 2-6.

BRITISH Life. Arts Council Exhibition New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till July 11. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Birds and Beasts —Paintings and Drawings of Five Centuries. 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., 4 Exhibitions: Epstein, Simon Bussy, Derek Hill, Mary Potter. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by William Scott. Also Pictures and Designs by Robin and Christopher Ironside, and Paintings by Betty Shaw-Lawrence. Until July 3.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Vlaminck, Derain & Souverbie.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Graphic Work of J. Braque.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Exhib. of Porcelain & Stoneware by Lucie Rie & Hans Coper. Dly. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens. Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Summer Exhibition. 10-5. Admission 1s.

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. June Exhib. Books of Coronation Year. 11-5 Mn.-Sat., Thr. 11-8. Free.

INDIA House, Aldwych—an exhibition of Commerce & Industry and Tourism, May 28 to June 27. Monday to Saturday, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Admission free.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton, will be closed to the public until July 26, owing to the U.N. Civil Aviation Conference being held there.

POSTERS from Poland. Exhibition at Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Open daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1, until June 27. Adm. free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition (Chagall, Degas, Manet, Modigliani, Monet, Renoir, Sickert, etc.). Daily (except Sat. 11-6, Wednesdays 7-10 p.m., Sundays 2-6. Until July 12. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students 9d.).

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Gustave Courbet (1819-1877). First representative Exhibition in England—In aid of Les Amis de Courbet. Adm. 2s., Students 1s. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. Art of Still-Life (1600-1950). Abr. Brueghel, Meleadez, Roestraten, Braque, Morandi.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave., W.C.2. Hendon Experimental Art Group. June 14-July 12. 9 a.m.—11 p.m. Sundays 11 a.m.—10 p.m.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Leon Underwood: Sculpture and Paintings—Retrospective Exhibition and New Work. 10 a.m.—5.30 p.m. Last week.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

HUNGARIAN Art exhibits: colour prints, Mihaly Munkacsy paintings; photographic reproductions, Madarasz, Meszoly, Mednyanszky, Szolnok artists' colony; talk on Munkacsy by Patrick Carpenter, June 21, 7.30 p.m. 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Adm. (incl. refreshments) 2s. 6d. (British Hungarian Friendship Soc. members 2s.)

SHAW Society presents Julian Franklyn (author of "The Cockney"): "Cockney, Phonetics, & Shaw," 7 Adelphi Ter., W.C., Mon., June 29, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. (Shavian lectures also arr. for other groups; apply 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.)

WINE Talks for the Over 20's. Sponsored by The Circle of Wine Tasters. First Lecture, "Hocks & Moselles," 6 p.m., June 25. Tickets 6s. each from 2a Duke St. (Manchester Sq.), London, W.1. WEL. 0709.

ART in Poland. Paul Hogarth talks on his recent visit to Poland. 7.30 p.m. Friday, June 26. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Also exhib. Polish posters.

IRIS Morley on "Soviet Ballet." Tues., June 23, 8 p.m. 55 Aberdare Gdns., N.W.6. Garden if fine. Hamp. 8.5.E.S.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. June 21: "Can the Dead communicate?" All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Disgust for Life." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2, Sun., June 21, at 11 a.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10. (i) Meditation & Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 5 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, June 25: "Eschatology, Karma and Reincarnation." All welcome. "Vedanta for East and West," bi-monthly, 1s., annually.

PERSONALIST Group. Bubegian Dialogue on "Is Ethics Necessary?" J. B. Coates and Bruce Wavell, Conway Hall, Tuesday, June 23, at 7.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public lecture, Wed., June 24, 6.30 p.m., by Dr. D. T. Suzuki.

"TECHNIQUE of Liberation" talks at Caxton Hall, Tuesdays, 6.30 p.m. June 23: "Yoga in Action"; June 30: "The Meaning of Meditation."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17-18 Dover St., W.1. On June 25 at 8.30, Discussion Points of View on Henry Moore Exhibition. Speakers will include Robert Melville, David Sylvester, Lawrence Alloway, Toni Del Renzio, A. C. Sewter. Chairman: Neville Wallis. Members 2s., Guests 3s.

"SOVIET Attitude to International Law." by J. Gaster. Tues., June 23, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.) Refreshments.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wednesday, June 24, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. "Justice in Spain": Peter Benenson, prospective parliamentary candidate for Hitchin, an observer at the recent Spanish political trials. Adm. 2s.

"COMPREHENSIVE High Schools?" Mr. H. E. P. Harris, Gen. Director Liberal Party, and Mrs. H. Bentwich, former chairman Educ. Cttee. L.C.C., will lead debate, 6.45 p.m. Mon., June 22. Fleet Street Parliament, Alliance Hall, Palmer St., Nr. Caxton Hall. Refreshments. Adm. free, no colln.

PUTTING Teeth into the Highway Code. A Summary of the Terrell plan, by Edward Terrell. Haldane Society meeting, Wed., June 24, 7.15, Royal Scottish Corporation, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. All welcome.

MRS. Marie Pritt: illus. talk with epidiascope, "Through Poland with a Camera," Fri., June 19, 7.45. Refmts. All welc. Brit.-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

PEGASUS Theatre Society. "The Theatre Today—U.S.A. and France," by William Schallert and a visiting French speaker. Sunday, June 21 at 7.30 p.m. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square. Open to non-members.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "Recent Trends in Individual Psychology": James Hemming, B.A., 7.30 punctually, Fri., June 26, at Friends' House, Euston Road. Non-members 2s.

SOCIETY for Sex Education & Guidance: "Society's Attitude to Family Planning": Dr. Bischoff. Wed., June 24, 7 p.m., Conway Hall. Admission free.

DR. V. RAGHAVAN, M.A., on "Sacred Writings of the Hindus." Fri., June 26, and Sat., June 27, at 8.15 p.m. All welc. No charge or coll. London Branch, Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. June 21, Archibald Robertson, M.A.: "Man versus Myth." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

H. J. BLACKHAM: Humanism and World Problems. New Generation Group of Hamp. Ethical Soc., 1 Hampstead Hill Gdns., nr. Belsize Park Stn., Mon., June 22 at 8.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Friday, June 19, 7.15 p.m. M. S. Butler, M.R.S.T., "Esperanto as a Practical Language."

RUTH Fischer German Lect. The Soviet Union After Stalin's Death. Monday, 22nd, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns., Assn. German Social Democrats.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 27, at 6 p.m., M. Jacques Debouzy: "Jean Giraudoux et le théâtre poétique."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

PROGRESSIVE League Conference, Ferndon, Haslemere, Sy. Aug. 30-Sept. 6. Spkrs.: Ashley Bramall: A Progressive's Political Philosophy, Dr. C. O. Carter: Eugenics, M. M. Simmons: Delinquency, L. L. Whyte: The Next Development in Man, Jeannie Cannon: Painting, Claire Cassidy: Movement, George D. Painter: Modern Poetry, T. Harper Smith: Films, Amabel Williams-Ellis: The Art of Being a Parent, Joseph Locke: Teaching Current Affairs in Schools, Edward Mortram: Progress is Indivisible. Recreations (children & adults): Painting, Movement, Swimming, Sun-Bathing, Tennis, Ballroom & Country Dancing, Music and Poetry, Rambles. Swimming gala, fancy dress, cricket, film show and play-acting group for older children. Younger ones in care of nurse. Lovely country & grounds. Good food. Fees: Members 5½gns., non-members 6gns. Reductions for children. Extra for single or double room. Apply: Joan Miller, 2 Field Lane, Letchworth.

CHARLES Neil, Principal of the Isabel Cripps Centre, will talk on Freedom and Responsibility for Wellbeing. He will show a connection between postural disorder and "nervous tension" and how, in both, the remedy lies principally with re-education rather than treatment. Monday, June 22, at 8 p.m. at 18 Lansdowne Road, London, W.11 (Holland Park Undergrd). PARK 7222.

MARIAN Naylor, Dinely Studios, Marylebone Road, N.W.1. Intensive Part-time Day Course (Oct.-March) for students making the Stage their career. Auditions July. One scholarship available. Past students now in Rep., on tour, and television. Details of Course and of private coaching for all auditions and exams. on request.

SPANISH guitar tuition, Segovia style. Beginners Courses, regardless of age. Free Folder: Lgn Williams, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport Street, W.C.2. GER. 6457.

LECTURE COURSES ETC.—continued

BRETTON Hall, Yorkshire. Course at the Arts for Pupils in Sixth Form. At Bretton Hall from July 17 to 28 the staff of the College, under the direction of the Principal, will organise a course in the Arts for boys and girls in, or about to join, sixth forms. Inclusive cost for the course, £8 8s. Full particulars and application forms, which must be returned by July 1, can be obtained from the Principal.

C'OLEG Harlech Third Annual Drama Week (July 25-Aug. 1). Mr. Clifford Williams, Course Director, with a professional Resident Company (The Travelling Harlequin Players in conjunction with the Minne Theatre Company of London). Students specialise in Acting, Production, Stage Management or Lighting. Five-guinea inclusive fee for tuition, board and accomm. Secretary, Coleg Harlech, Harlech, Merioneth. (Phone Harlech 363.)

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance requirements, Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ord. and Adv.), London, Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work, Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Pitman Shorthands and in Management; also in English for Foreign Students. Intensive training for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Lovesedge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. Ham. 7686.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses. Cert. Bishopsgate, success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

NORTH Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5 (GUL. 1134). Full-time and part-time day courses beginning Sept. for G.C.E. Adv. level (Arts & Econs. subjects). Prof. business quals., Secretarial work, Management, Commerce, Sinhd. 1 pmn.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Lectures on French Literature in French, every Wed., 8.15. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8511-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Telephone: Park 4465.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Training (Gregg). Also evening classes shorthand/typewriting. Frances King, 3 Harrington Road, S.W.7. KEN. 4771, REN. 1806.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton, F.I.A. 7967 p.m.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY 2815.

KYNASTON School of Pianoforte, 21 Denmark Ave., S.W.19 (WIM. 0168) and West End studio. Long est. reputation for musical training. Leschetizky technique. Pupils taken all stages. Prosp. & School Magazine "The Keyboard" from Sec. Phone or Write.

FRANCISZKA Themerson gives private tuition in painting and design in her studio at 49 Randolph Avenue, W.9. CUN. 2924.

PAINTING & Modelling. Photography, Experimental Music. Creative Writing—Week-ends at Beaziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools 1953: August 15-22, Hope, Derbyshire; August 22-29, Wilton Park, Steyning, Sussex; August 29-Sept. 5, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Apply: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

A POTTERY Course will be run in Bath July 27-August 7. Fee £10 10s. Non-resident. Full details from: John Shelly, The Bath Pottery, Barton Buildings, Bath.

HOUSE Party Holidays: at our Seven house parties in Sussex, Cornwall, or near Windsor, you will meet interesting people and enjoy a good outdoor holiday with bathing, tennis, dancing and foreign language practice. 5 July 25-August 11. Erna Low, 47 (N.S.) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

More Classified Advts. on Pages 758, 57, 58, 59

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